Newport Mercury.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CXLVI.—NO. 5. NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 11, 1903. WHOLE NUMBER 8,180.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George, Wm. F. Smith, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees, Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6757, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, John B. Mason, Jr., Chief Ranger; Robert Johnston, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7677, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Robert Laurie, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George L. Sutherland, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P., Mrs. Elizabeth S. Goddard, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Dr. F. Jerome Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

Fourth of July.

Last Saturday was duly observed in Newport as Independence Day. There was the usual amount of firecrackers and other explosives incident to a proper celebration of the day, while the street parade, band concerts and firecrackers helped to keep the people amused. Although the weather was hot there was not a very large crowd of visitors in town, the residents of nearby cities preferring to remain at home where there were larger celebrations.

Everything connected with the city's celebration went off smoothly. Probably the most interest was taken in the cutter race in the harbor in the morning. The harbor was filled with small boats and the wharves were crowded with spectators. The participants in the race were the Hibernians, Father Matthews and the Scandinavians. The Hibernians won easily and the Father Matthews crew took second place.

The parade in the afternoon was a comparatively small one, being composed of troops from Fort Adams, the apprentices from the Training Station, and the Hibernian Rifles. The men made a very creditable appearance and their marching was excellent. In the evening the band concerts and fireworks at the parks attracted large audiences.

There was but one alarm of fire during the day, and but one serious disturbance—a fight between drunken fishermen in a boat off Long wharf in which one man was badly beaten by his companion and was rescued by a boatload of sailors from the United States Navy.

Newport was visited by a severe electrical storm on Monday evening. It was by far the most severe electrical disturbance of the season and the lightning struck in a number of places about the city. The tennis courts at the Casino were struck and also the wireless telegraph mast at the Torpedo Station. There was little damage done to property although the electric current entered several private houses over the wires.

Mr. John Corridon, for many years in the employ of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and its predecessors, died at his home on Van Zandt avenue on Wednesday after a short illness. He is survived by a widow, two daughters and four sons, of whom Pitcher Frank Corridon is one.

The first sacred concert of the season will take place at the Casino tomorrow night.

Mr. Benjamin U. Carr is confined to his home, the result of a fall.

Newport's Labor Troubles.

Newport is in the midst of a struggle between employers and workmen in the building and painting trades. The trouble this time is more in the nature of a lockout than a strike, as the contractors have decided that this is the time to settle, once for all, the question of dictation by the unions. The master carpenters and the master painters have formed strong associations for mutual protection and have issued an ultimatum to their men. They have offered the men their choice between unionism and no work, and plenty of work and no unionism. The price of wages has been fixed by the association, which in the painting trade is a trifle less than has heretofore been paid. The principal thing that the contractors insist upon, however, is the right to purchase their supplies, etc., where they choose without dictation from the unions and without interference from walking delegates.

The dull season in the building and painting trades is approaching and the employers are apparently intending to make this a fight to a finish. They hold that the interference by the walking delegates has become intolerable and if the Newport workmen do not care to surrender their allegience to the unions their places will be filled by men from out the city. The unions have met the issue and are also prepared to put up a determined fight for existence.

The new order went into effect last Monday morning and the union men were ordered out. In consequence work was suspended on many contracts and there has been a general lull in building. Apparently both sides are about where they started. On the Clarke residence at the Hanging Rocks work has been resumed by the principal contractor who will use only union labor. Work is also going on on the Sandy Point farm of Mr. Vanderbilt. Some of the men decided to stand by the contractors and did not go out with the unions.

The Master Painters' Association is affiliated with the national body and in response to a request from the local organization men have been sent to this city to do work. The union pickets have been on the watch and have persuaded many of them to return to their homes, their fares being paid by the union, but the master painters say that if the unions pay the expenses of all the men that they import they will find the fun rather expensive.

Mr. R. W. Curry has withdrawn from the Master Builders' Association and is employing union men. As the master builders and painters have resolved to accept no more contracts until the troubles are settled and as the dull season is at hand it would appear that the struggle would be of considerable duration.

Committed Suicide.

Benjamin J. Shepley shot and killed himself at his home on Spring street Thursday morning. He had been somewhat despondent recently but his relations had no suspicion of his intention to end his life. After returning home from Mrs. H. R. Bishop's cottage where he was employed as a watchman he went to his bedroom and fired a shot from a revolver into his mouth. Death was probably instantaneous but it was several hours later that his wife, who is an invalid, entered the room and found the body. Medical Examiner Ecroyd was notified and gave permission for the interment.

Mr. Shepley was 56 years of age and was a carpenter by trade but lately had been employed as private watchman at Mrs. Bishop's residence. He was a brother of Alderman William Shepley. He is survived by a widow, several brothers and one sister.

Mr. Christopher Norgord, one of the crew of the Lindsay of Block Island, while out after swordfish Thursday morning was seriously injured by one of the gamey fellows. The fish drove his sword through the bottom of the small boat in which Mr. Norgord was, and pierced his leg just above the knee. He was taken ashore and was subsequently taken on the New Shoreham to Providence for treatment at the Rhode Island Hospital.

The Republican State Central Committee was reorganized on Thursday by the choice of Col. Frank E. Holden, chairman, in place of Gen. Hunter C. White, resigned, and Nathan M. Wright, secretary, in place of Charles W. Howland, resigned.

The park commission has practically arranged the program for the public band concerts during the summer, which will be the same as last year, except that instead of having concerts on Saturday afternoons they will be held on Sunday afternoons.

Mr. James Finch, who has been visiting relatives in this city for the past two weeks, will start for his home in West Superior, Wis., on Monday.

The Broadway Pavement.

Work on the new pavement on Broadway is now entirely completed and the merchants are greatly rejoiced thereat. It has been a long job and the bad weather of June assisted considerably in delaying the work, but it seems as if the pavement was worth all it cost in both time and money. It makes a delightfully smooth, easy riding road; with a surface that will apparently wear as well as anything yet discovered for travel. It was a great improvement to lay the smooth pavement between the railway tracks, instead of using the granite blocks as was at first proposed, and now the rails, even where there are two tracks, are practically unnoticeable. Had the granite blocks been laid they would have made a rough and uneven surface for a width of seventeen feet right through the middle of the street. As it now stands Broadway is in an excellent condition. A number of places in the new pavement where the foundation had settled owing to the wet weather have been dug out and the pavement laid anew.

A New Theatre.

It is positively announced that Newport is to have a new theatre, a first-class affair that will get the best attractions of the theatrical trust. Such an enterprise would please the theatre-going public of Newport and it is believed that it will prove a financial success. The new theatre will be located on the Congdon property on Broadway which has been purchased by Julius Cohn and W. B. Cross for this purpose. While at first glance this location seems to be pretty well up-town, it really seems to be a better location than the present opera house, being directly on the line of the street cars, both of the Fall River, the Newport & Providence, and the local line, and it will also give a good approach for private carriages. A handsome, modern building is promised, to cost about $150,000, which will be an ornament to that part of the city. Work will be begun soon.

A Social Evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Allan entertained some friends at their home on Spring street Thursday evening, in honor of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Allan of Boston. Although the weather was exceedingly warm, the evening was delightfully spent. Whist was played for about an hour and a half, after which a roof garden party was enjoyed. Tables were tastefully arranged on the large veranda and a bountiful collation was served. Mrs. Allan is a charming hostess and to spend an evening at her home is always a treat. The prizes for the best whist scores were awarded to Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald and Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., while Mrs. James R. Crowley and Dr. John H. Sweet, Sr., captured the "consolations."

Such weather as the past two days has brought is the kind that Newport, in company with other seashore places, needs to make business boom. The thermometer has hovered around the ninety mark for several days and the weather has been uncomfortable even in Newport. Thursday night was one of the hottest nights this city has experienced for a long time, and even here people gasped for breath the greater part of the night. There was apparently not a particle of breeze, not even the popular southwest wind for which Newport is famous. On Friday the weather was rather more endurable, for although it was decidedly hot there was a very refreshing breeze. Such weather as this ought to have the effect of hurrying people from the cities to the cool resorts on the seashore.

Grand Master Workman Allen C. Griffith, accompanied by a board of grand officers, made an official visit to Ocean Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, on Wednesday evening. The meeting was held in the lodge room in the Mercury Building and was largely attended. During the evening the Grand Master Workman delivered an interesting address, after which a banquet was served. Grand Master Workman Griffith is a charter member of Ocean Lodge and the lodge extended a hearty reception to him.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford ran two excursions into Newport this week, one on Wednesday and the other on Thursday. Both were well patronized, most of the passengers being school teachers who are in attendance at the national convention in Boston.

There is a report that the Old Colony Street Railway Company will extend their tracks to the new pavilion at Easton's Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham of Middletown are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Japanese Village.

Freebody Park has an added attraction in the Japanese Village opened this week, and it is a novelty as interesting and enjoyable to old as to young. Architecturally it is a reproduction of a street in Tokyo, erected by native Japanese artizans brought here for the purpose by Mr. Sugimoto, the promoter. In little odd booths and dwellings are Japanese girls serving tea, Oriental workmen, native musicians, confectioners and bakers. There is a dainty little Japanese garden, and wonderful Japanese dwarf trees, some of them a hundred years old, yet small enough to be hid in a bushel basket. Among the objects of interest is a model of the Temples of Nippo, the ancient religious shrine recently so glowingly described in an article in Collier's Weekly by Rev. Francis E. Clarke, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society. The village is open from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m., and an hour may be spent there with pleasure and profit at any time.

In the vaudeville theatre the season is approaching its height, the entertainers next week including the Six Musical Cuttys, a remarkable family of instrumentalists; Harding and Ah Sid, the clown and the Chinaman; Millie Olive, the European lady juggler; Rae and Brosche, in "The Silent Woman;" Clarice Vance, society's favorite comedienne; Cherry and Bates, the funny cyclists; the Chamberlains in a novel exhibition of lasso throwing, and many other acts of equal merit. Ladies and children will find the matinees most convenient, and are given the best seats for ten cents only.

Injured in a Collision.

On the arrival of the schooner Monarch of the Gloucester fishing fleet in the harbor Sunday morning it was learned that two sailors had been seriously injured in a collision, off No Man's Land. The men were Malcolm McDonald and Edward Bishop, the former having two ribs broken and the latter one. They were removed to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

According to the appraisal of the estate of the late Dr. Christopher M. Bell, as filed in the surrogate's office in New York, the testator owned personal property in New York state valued at $2,667,340. Of this, about $1,800,000 was in cash on deposit with various banks and trust companies. He also owned some real estate in New York. Under his will Mrs. Bell receives everything except a $1,000 bequest to his brother Marshall Bell.

Senator Hanna, who has been in Newport the past week, says that he has resigned from nothing; that he does not expect to give up business while he lives; that he is satisfied with the U. S. Senatorship and is willing to manage the next National Republican campaign if he is wanted.

Among the saloon passengers arriving from Liverpool on the steamship New England of the Dominion line of the International Mercantile Marine Company which reached Boston early Saturday morning, July 4, were Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lippitt on their way to Newport.

The crops on the Island of Rhode Island promise to be fully an average. The haying is now well under way and the yield is better than was expected a few weeks ago. Potatoes are looking well, and corn, though backward, is growing rapidly during this hot weather.

The annual field day of the members of the New England Order of Protection in this State will be held at Island Park, July 29th. The members from the upper part of the State will come by special boat.

The Episcopal mission at Prudence Park opened on Sunday last, under the management of Dr. V. Mott Francis. Rev. James Hogarth Dennis of Willow Brook, Portsmouth, officiated.

Miss Charlotte Mahan, who recently served her connection with the Newport Telephone Exchange, has entered the Presbyterian Hospital to study for a trained nurse.

Mrs. B. H. Richards, who recently underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital, has been removed to her home on Church street.

Francis Lawton, Esq., of New York, a Newport boy, was in town over the Fourth visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, the actor, has been in the city the past week, having come here on his yacht Amorita.

Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State left Monday for Oyster Bay to pay a visit to President Roosevelt.

Mrs. Zabriskie and her daughter have arrived at their cottage on Rhode Island avenue for the season.

Rev. John Cornell and family have arrived at their cottage in Portsmouth for the summer.

City Council.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening, but there was little business to be transacted. All the members of both branches were present when the meeting was called to order, and on each desk was a copy of the city documents for 1902 which have just been printed by the Mercury Publishing Company.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Asylum,	$521.00
Books, Stationery and Printing,	1,181.16
Fire Department,	1,150.85
Board of Health,	1,021.50
Incidentals,	256.78
Lighting Streets,	3,555.62
Poor Department,	150.61
Police,	187.70
Public Buildings,	679.15
Public Parks,	318.75
Public Schools,	1,803.73
Streets and Highways,	2,029.10
Bituminous pavement,	3,162.80
Touro Jews' Synagogue Fund,	80.08
Emergency Hospital,	8,186.71
Dog Fund,	110.60
Indexing and Preserving Records,	70.00
Burial Grounds,	84.90
	$20,078.96

The committee on street lights announced that at the August meeting it would report on the investigation into the lighting contract as it desired more time to conduct its examination. On recommendation of the same committee it was voted to place six Welsbach lights on Carroll avenue.

The committee on conference with the school committee on the high school site reported that the committee had decided to ask for an additional appropriation of $50,000 and to submit to the people three sites, Broadway, Central court and Church street, for their approval. The report was received and no action taken.

On recommendation of the committee on burial grounds the city engineer was directed to make a plat of the Common Burial Ground, registering the graves as far as the names could be learned, the plat to be on a scale of not less than 20 feet to the inch and to be completed by October 6.

The park commission presented a communication asking for an extra appropriation of $1500 for repairs to sea walls, repairs to band stands, etc. The board of aldermen passed a resolution making the appropriation as asked but the common council reduced the amount to $1000 and the upper board concurred.

A communication from Henry A. Thorndike calling attention to the condition of Washington street, was referred to the city solicitor. The board of aldermen passed a resolution allowing the special committee on revision of the ward boundaries to employ a clerk at $50 a month, but the common council voted to lay the resolution on the table. An ordinance providing a penalty not exceeding $20 for violation of the ordinance for evading hack fares was referred to the committee on ordinances.

A number of petitions were referred to the committee on streets and highways: For curbing and grading Grafton street, for repairs to Sea View avenue, and for the extension of the sewer on Coddington wharf. Petitions for repairs to the sidewalk on Pelham street near the United Congregational Church, and for re-setting of the curb on Pope street were referred to the same committee with power to act.

A petition from the abutters on Webster street, asking that that street, between Spring and Thames street, be accepted as a public highway, was received by the board of aldermen and a hearing was set for August 4 at 8:00 p. m.

Mr. Joseph Fogarty, who has been enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Newport and vicinity, leaves tomorrow night for his home in New Rochelle. Mrs. Fogarty, who accompanied her husband to Newport, will remain several weeks longer.

Emmanuel Church enjoyed its annual picnic at Southwick's Grove Wednesday. About 300 were present and the occasion was a delightful one.

Rev. S. W. Stevens, who at one time was pastor of the Second Baptist church in this city, will sail for Europe the middle of July to be absent two months.

Mr. Harry Kelley, clerk of the district court, and his family are enjoying a two weeks' vacation, which they are spending along the Hudson river.

Mr. William O. Milne of this city has been appointed district deputy grand master workman of Glen Lodge, A. O. U. W., of Portsmouth.

Miss Alice R. Colgate, Dr. D. H. Hayden and Miss Anna D. Hayden sailed Wednesday on White Star Liner Teutonic for Liverpool.

Mr. David Braman, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Robert M. Fell, at Ogontz, Pa., has returned to his home in this city.

Superintendent of Schools Lull has been in Boston attending the annual sessions of the National Education Association.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. J. D. Dennen.

Mrs. Josephine Day Dennen, mother of Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, died at the Newport Hospital early Saturday morning. Mrs. Dennen had made many warm, personal friends in Newport, having spent six months here at one time, guest of her son. She was a very estimable woman.

Funeral services were held at Kay Chapel on Monday afternoon and Tuesday the remains were taken to Ann Arbor, Mich., for interment.

Mrs. J. Wadsworth Ritchie.

Word was received here on Saturday of last week by Mr. Whitney Warren of the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Wadsworth Ritchie, at Ashwell, Rutlandshire, England, of blood poisoning. Mrs. Ritchie was well known in Newport, having previous to her marriage spent her summers in Newport. Her maiden name was Miss Emily Mead Tooker, being a daughter of Mr. Gabriel Mead Tooker, and was married in Newport August 24, 1895. She had lived in England the greater part of her married life, but had paid several visits to this country.

The funeral took place at Ashwell, England, on Tuesday.

Steam Yacht Race.

There will be a race for steam yachts sailed off Newport on July 24 when the New York Yacht Club will hold the race for the Lysistrata cup offered by James Gordon Bennett. Besides the custody of the cup, the winner of the first race will receive $2,500 added. The course will be triangular, sixty nautical miles in length, and the start will be made off Brenton's Reef lightship at 1:30 p. m. The cup is open to the competition of steam yachts belonging to the New York Yacht Club and to steam yachts properly enrolled in any foreign yacht club.

The entrance is limited to yachts above 150 net tons in size, American yacht measurement, but there shall be no handicap or time allowance. The yachts are to steam in ordinary cruising trim, with the usual amount of coal and stores, and all boats must be carried except power launches, which may be omitted at the discretion of the owners.

Steam yacht Alvina, owned by Clement A. Griscom and having United States Senator Mark A. Hanna and party on board, arrived Wednesday evening. Senator and Mrs. Hanna, Miss Mary Phelps and Mr. Griscom, who is president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, are at The New Cliffs.

The condition of Philip Rider, who has been ill for some time, is reported to be serious.

Arthur E. Burland is seriously ill, having been suddenly attacked by sickness last week.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The inspector of nuisances reports that during the month of June, 1903, 582 inspections were made:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were made, 384; stables found clean, 89; vaults found clean, 18; vaults found half full or less, 68; vaults full or overflowing, 32; vaults condemned and closets put in, 8; vaults condemned and work started, 6; vaults condemned, closets put in and vaults not filled, 6; vaults condemned and nothing done, 14; condemned vaults cleaned, 4; defective plumbing, 5; grease traps and drains overflowing, 5, foul odors from stagnant water in cellars, 3; waste water from ice boxes running into cellars, 2; waste water from ice box running into street, 1; foul odors from unsanitary closet, 1; spreading night soil on garden, 1; filthy cellar 1; filthy wood shed, 1; dirty yard, 1; horse's bedding in the street, 1; condemned manure pit removed, 1; nuisance from leaking tar barrels, 2; houses where infectious or contagious diseases were reported, 11; no cause for complaint, 1; not classified, 10; houses placarded, 3; rooms disinfected: diphtheria, 8; scarlet fever, 2; measles, 5; dead cats removed, 1; one sample of city water sent to State Board of Health.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

A. O'D. Taylor has sold the following two properties for a new theatre to be erected on Broadway by Mr. Julius Cohn of New York, who is at the head of the chief theatrical syndicate in that city, and by Mr. W. B. Cross of Brockton, Mass., both of whom already manage the theatres built in Brockton, Taunton and New Bedford. The lots sold by Mr. Taylor are the Congdon lot, situated on Broadway and Calvert street, with side entrance on Bartlett court, and containing about 15,000 square feet, and the Tilley lot, which juts into the Congdon lot and contains some 1,555 square feet. The two conjoined make a splendid site for the new enterprise. The building will be of brick and fire-proof, costing more than $150,000. This sale of Mr. Taylor's is the most important one that has taken place on Broadway since Mr. Taylor's sale of the Kimber lot at the corner of Mann avenue, some two years ago, to the St. Joseph's corporation for a new Catholic church.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Wm. P. Sheffield his south store in the Sheffield Block to John Field.

THE GRIP OF HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,
Author of "The Southerners," "In the Wasp's Nest," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

As they passed down the great hall the eyes of the wretched lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dais near the doorway. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great carved oak chair, the counterpart of and evidently painted from one sitting beneath it. In face and feature the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth Howard. The skill of the painter had been so great, the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on, that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight, which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the sergeant gruffly.

"A moment, if you please, my friend—a moment. What sort of a man are

There was a tremendous crash.

you to pass by such as this without notice? It should be Lady Elizabeth, but the fashion of the dress"—

"It's her mother, sir, a cousin of the admiral. I pass it every day, sir, an' I've got so I don't take no notice on it, no more. She was a young thing scarce older than her young leddyship when she set for that paintin', an' they had no children for years, leastaways they all died till this baby was born, an' then she died too. I've been attached to the admiral's service in one way or another sence I was a boy, an' dandled her many a time on my knee. Yes, and her young leddyship, Lady Elizabeth that is, too, w'en she was a little girl."

"My regard for you goes up a thousandfold, my friend," said O'Neill, smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would I had been you!"

"'Tain't no use wishin' that," said the old sergeant, shaking his head. "There never was no Frenchman could eve: take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling. "'Twould be clearly impossible."

"Come along then, yer honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the enraptured Irishman. "A year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image!" murmured the entranced young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of the moment. He stretched out his hand toward the painting with a little reverential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the sergeant warningly. "The picture hangs very loose an' the frame"—

What evil fate was it that determined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way and the great frame dropped from its place on the wall and fell across the heavy oaken chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its Gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and lift it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces! The canvas had evidently been originally a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration was clearly impossible.

"Good heavens!" said the Irishman. "What a misfortune!"

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the sergeant philosophically; "so we must get on."

"Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame, with the rags of the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall. "There is nothing to keep us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not for me!"

CHAPTER X.

LADY ELIZABETH WILL KEEP HER WORD.

THE night fell on three of the most unhappy people in the world; yet to each had been vouchsafed a partial realization of a cherished hope. Coventry should have been luxuriating in the thought of his approaching marriage to the girl he loved; Elizabeth should have been overwhelmed with joy at the reappearance of O'Neill after his long absence, and O'Neill during that time had asked for nothing but an opportunity to stand once more in the presence of his divinity. The desire of each had been granted, and yet all three were completely miserable. Coventry, because he more than suspected that Elizabeth loved O'Neill; Elizabeth, because she felt that honor compelled her to marry Coventry, to whom she was deeply attached, but toward whom her feelings, she now found, were vastly different from those which had flooded her being with new life at the sight of the young Irishman. Her period of waiting and dreaming had unconsciously developed a passion for him which had broken all barriers at the mere sound of his voice, the sight of his face. As for O'Neill, he found her fairer than he had ever thought even in his most extravagant dreams, and it was in an agony of despair that he contemplated her as the bride of another. There was this saving grace in his position, however—he would probably be condemned to death forthwith, and he was in no mood to balk the executioner; if ever death be welcome it would be so to him.

The only one who was completely at his ease, and who, in fact, extracted a certain satisfaction from the situation, was the admiral. Naturally he did not enter very deeply into the matrimonial schemes of the young, and with the indifference of a man well along in years he doubted that it would be a matter of any great difficulty either to make Elizabeth forget, if necessary, the Irishman, in whom even his obtuse vision had detected that she was greatly interested, or, in case it suited his purpose better, to make his son forget Elizabeth in the presence of some other charmer whom he might select. His purpose was, as ever, the paramount consideration with the admiral.

He had conceived a brilliant idea, which he fondly hoped would result, were it to be realized, in the capture of the notorious Paul Jones, who was the object of consuming desire on the part of every military and naval man in the three kingdoms. So enchanted was the old man with his own idea, and so desirous was he of bagging the game, that he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the affections of his son, the happiness of his ward, or to brush aside almost anything, save his honor, which might stand in his way.

The young Irishman had clearly forfeited his life by his action; nay, more, now that he recalled his name he remembered that he had been found guilty of high treason, and, like his father, was under sentence of death for that as well. He had a double hold upon him therefore. The powers of the admiral, who was one of the leading men of the realm, were unusually large, and as a state of martial law had been proclaimed on the coast he was supreme as to life and death in matters where any military exigency could be urged.

He chuckled to himself at the thought that he held in his hand two of the master cards—love of life and love of woman. The third, love of honor, which O'Neill was possessed of, was a high one, to be sure, but he trusted by clever play to win the game, since the odds were with him. Elizabeth had become a state paper—a pledge in pawn—to him; O'Neill another piece, or player. He had not yet formulated any plan for carrying out his great idea, but one was already germinating in his mind, so that in the end, under the stimulus of the splendid opportunity he saw before him for rounding out an already brilliant career in the service of his country by effecting the capture of the famous Paul Jones, his hours were as sleepless as were those of the others.

The poor Irish lieutenant had caused a great deal of trouble to every one with whom he had come in contact. Even Paul Jones himself, who loved and cherished the young man with all his generous heart, was filled with deep anxiety as to his probable fate when he heard the report of old Price the next day, especially as the hours fled away and his lieutenant did not rejoin the ship. In spite of the absence of the rest of his squadron, the commodore at once hastened to the rendezvous with the Richard alone, and there determined to take a small hand in the game himself while waiting for the Pallas, the Alliance and the others to assemble. Cautious inquiries which he caused to be made on shore had informed him that, as he expected, O'Neill had been apprehended. A less kindly man than Paul Jones would have left him to his fate; but that was not his way.

Early the next morning, being Wednesday, Sept. 22, O'Neill had arisen and gone down on the terrace of the castle overlooking the ocean and the ships in the harbor, where he met Lady Elizabeth. She was gazing listlessly over the causeway at a horseman galloping along the road.

"Do I interrupt reminiscences of a tete-a-tete, madam?" said he, saluting her with a profound bow.

"Reminiscences such as mine are better interrupted," she replied.

"You were"—

"Saying goodby to my—my—cousin."

"Has your ladyship no dearer title than that by which to designate him?"

"Not yet," she answered wearily.

"Ah, I perceive," he continued jealously. "The natural regret at the absence of your betrothed, for"—

"No, no, not that! How can you trifle so with me at this moment? He reproached me because I—why do I tell you these things? You constrain me, sir; I"—

"Forgive me! You need not finish, Lady Elizabeth," he said, with a sudden gravity. "As for me, I must needs trifle or die. Life in the freshness of the morning, the white capped ocean stretching before us in the sunlight, the gentle breeze playing across our faces, is sweet to think on. With youth and rank and station it would be heavenly spent with you. Without you I welcome the death your guardian will undoubtedly inflict upon me."

"Yet you waited so long—a year and a half—why did you not come? I"—She stopped. She had spoken in a low, tender whisper, looking down at the sea beneath them and plucking nervously at the loose plaster of the old wall. Death so imminent for love and lover—nay, not for love; that were eternal—broke down petty convention. Where were death and love there, too, should truth and honesty be—and honor.

He laid his strong hand gently down on the small white one outlined upon the gray weather beaten rock of the parapet. With upturned palm she met his grasp. Her eyes were lifted now. She drew strength from his strength; a dawning hope flickered into being in her torn heart. He was so strong and true he surely could do something—there must be some other way. It was the tribute woman pays to man.

He read aright, with eyes keen from affection, the mute, piteous appeal in her sweetly lifted face, but he could only smile sadly in answer, with a silent shake of the head. There was no other way, then; in the marked path she must walk. Have mercy, Lord!

"Was it long to you, dearest?" he queried, his dark face aflame. "To me—I have been a fool. Nothing should have kept me from you. To trust to messengers, letters—a fool—too late!" Silence! The hands unclasped; ties were broken. "Too late!" He turned bitterly away.

"Would that we had met in happier days!" she murmured sadly, making a brave effort at self control.

"No reproaches, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, the touch of formality in the address showing his own equal strife. "What must be must be! At least I have met you before I die, and for a year and a half I have thought of you and dreamed of you and held you the lady of my heart. E'en death itself cannot rob me of that sweet joy—for it is past."

They looked apart, and heard above the voice of the great deep, the unfathomable sound of the moaning surge far beneath them, chafing against the pebbles in the still morning, the wild beating of their hearts. After a little pause he continued more softly:

"And you—you will forget the young Irishman, the soldier of fortune, whom untoward fate threw across your pathway, and in your own English home and in the love of your noble husband may you be happy."

"Nay, not so," she said softly, taking his hand again, her eyes filling with tears—this time she was the stronger. "My heart is not made of such fickle stuff. I shall do my duty, keep my plighted word—even you would have me do no less than that—but not more steadfastly than I shall keep you within my recollection. But do not talk of death; you must not. I know the admiral—he has a kindly heart"—

"I would not live," replied the young man quietly; "for life is death when the heart is dead."

"Tell me," asked the girl, nervously breaking the almost insupportable silence, "were you there when my mother's picture fell last night?"

"Yes, so near to it that it almost fell into my arms," he answered, smiling.

"A bad omen!" she murmured, shaking her head.

"What! That it should fall into my arms?"

"No, that it should fall at all."

"Well, I do not believe in omens, and 'tis in the arms of another that you fall, at any rate. He gets the substance, I the shadow, the illusion—and even that is broken!"

"And so even the shadow is lost," said Elizabeth.

"Not yet. Open my heart, you will find it there," he answered quickly. "But how like you the portrait was!"

"Yes, I am said to look like my mother," she answered, striving, as we all do in tragic moments, to reach the height of the commonplace. "In the dress I now wear, under the changing fashions, the likeness is not so striking, but when I am gowned as she was, in the identical costume, which is still in existence, by the way, and sit as she did, in the dim light in that old chair, the resemblance is even more striking."

"Would that I might see you thus—in that dress of the olden time! Nothing except your actual presence in the hall has ever startled me so much as that image of the past did last night. You are so like your picture, but more beautiful, I think."

"Ah, yes; youth and the present are always the more beautiful. The admiral says I am not to be mentioned beside her. He loved her, I think. She was his cousin. They tell me she married very young, unhappily, too, and died when I was born, many years after. My father, too, died. I can scarcely remember him at all. I am alone."

"Your death! What mean you?"

"There should be a warning in this, should there not?" he asked softly—an idle question fate had determined.

"I suppose so," replied the girl wearily. "But what was I to do? The arrangement was made when I was a child. I have grown up with Edward Coventry. He loves me; he is a noble fellow. I respect, esteem him highly. It is a long cherished wish of the admiral's. It was my mother's wish as well. I put him off in spite of the engagement for a year—for six months again," she said, with a glance the fond reproach of which cut him to the heart. "I promised him on my word of honor if he would only wait that time I would make no further objections. I cannot break that word now."

"Not even for me?"

"No, not even for you."

"But you do not love him?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she answered slowly; "I do—in a way, that is."

"But not like"—

"Enough, Lieutenant O'Neill!" she answered proudly, resuming, perforce, her erstwhile haughty air, which was belied by a deep flush on her cheeks. "'Tis not generous of you to press me further. I—we have decided. I can stand no more. Forgive me—have mercy!"

"I respect your decision; nay, more, I honor you for it, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, smiling gravely. "I kiss your hand and go to my death smiling. Forget me."

"Your death!" she cried in alarm. "What mean you?"

"The admiral, sir, would speak with you in the office at once," interrupted the sergeant, who had approached with a file of soldiers.

"You see—the summons," replied O'Neill calmly to Elizabeth. "Friend, I attend you—goodby."

CHAPTER XI.

O'NEILL WILL KEEP HIS HONOR.

THE admiral had fully matured his plans during the night, and was prepared to make the assault upon the fortifications of O'Neill's honor at the most convenient season. In order to have a clear field for his operations, he had dispatched his son upon an errand which would necessitate his absence until the evening. It had been with his full knowledge that his captive had been allowed to meet and converse with his ward. He trusted more to the fascinations of that young woman to effect his end than to any other known agency, in fact.

Beauty and affection when allied have ever been most potent weapons, even when used to promote the cause of treachery and dishonor. Not that the admiral himself would have done anything he considered dishonorable. He would rather have cut off his right hand, which had done such stout service for his king; he would sacrifice his life, his son's life, anything, rather than jeopard it, but he would not hesitate to cajole the young Irishman into betraying his leader if he could. Though he should despise him if he acceded to the terms he would propose, yet he would not refrain from making use of him even to his own undoing, if possible. 'Twas the custom of war, and the obloquy which in similar instances has ever been heaped upon the tempted has not seemed to attach itself to the tempter under such conditions.

Still the admiral did not rejoice in the situation, and he could not make up his mind just how much it was necessary to offer. He had rather an uncomfortable feeling that he could go very far and then not succeed after all. Yet the greatness of the stake for which he played, he thought, would justify his action, for the person of John Paul Jones was certainly more coveted than that of any other man who had ever warred against the English flag. The governor had under his immediate command two excellent frigates—the Serapis, forty-four, and the Scarborough, twenty-eight—and if through his planning and foresight they should capture Jones and his ships he might aspire to any honor in the gift of the king.

"Good morning, my dear marquis," he said pleasantly as soon as the young lieutenant was ushered into the office.

"Good morning to your lordship," answered O'Neill bravely.

"I have sent for you to give you the run of the castle today," continued the admiral, much to the prisoner's surprise. "I shall be occupied with preparations rendered necessary by the advent of your friends the Americans, and urgent business required that I dispatch your acquaintance, my son, on an errand which will keep him away until evening. Meanwhile I leave you to the tender mercies of my ward, the Lady Elizabeth. In the evening I shall have something of great importance to say to you. You will give me your parole, of course, and I trust that you may have a pleasant day."

"In the presence of Lady Elizabeth, sir, all moments are hours of pleasure I can never sufficiently thank you for your indulgence. You have crowned the victim with a chaplet of roses before offering him upon the altar," answered the bewildered officer. He suspected something, but in the thought of another day with his heart's desire he resolutely put aside all other things—one day, in the strain of life, so much gained!

"Never mind about the altar now," said the admiral. "Enjoy the day, and perhaps the termination of it may fit its beginning."

Such a day as the two young people passed together comes not often in earthly calendars. There was one subject which was forbidden them by honor and discretion. They therefore talked of other things and thought only of that, and the restraint in which each was held made their true opinions as open to each other as the day itself. They wandered together about the castle walls, gazed out upon the sparkling sea and allowed themselves to dream that the day would never end. They forgot the black future and lived only in the fleeting moments of the present. 'Tis the habit of youth and love.

When the night fell they separated reluctantly, to meet again by her appointment in half an hour in the great hall, for what reason he knew not. That she wished it was sufficient for him. There had come into Elizabeth's head a quaint conceit. She wished to surprise him. As she left him she ran hastily to the ancient wardrobe in her private apartment, in which, with the prudent forethought of her ancestors, her mother's wedding robe was laid away in sprigs of lavender. Hastily doffing her own garments and assisted by the skillful fingers of her maid, she arrayed herself therein.

The body of the dress was of heavily brocaded white satin, worn over moderate hoops; the bodice was cut low and square across the neck and shoulders and terminated in a pointed stomacher of delicate pale blue, laced over the front with silver cord. The short, rather full sleeves edged with priceless lace left the sweet young arms bare to the dimpled elbow. The overdress or pannier, looped with gold cord on either side, was of a fugitive shade of pale wild rose; the dress was lifted in front to show her dainty feet in their diamond buckled, preposterously high heeled, pointed toed, blue satin shoes and rose colored, gold clocked stockings. When she stood up a little train swept the floor.

The old fashioned waist of her gown was very decollete; she blushed at the thought of it; but as it was in the picture, she draped it with delicate tulle, less white than her neck itself, and caught here and there by tiny diamond stars, and so she put it bravely on. To redress her hair was an easy matter; the low coiffure, with the hair unpowdered and rolled above her broad, low brow, after the style of the beautiful but venal Pompadour, and adorned with three delicate white ostrich tips, and with a string of pearls intertwined in its meshes, was most becoming. With eager hands rummaging among her mother's jewels, she soon found and twined the brilliant necklace of the picture about her throat; on her breast she pinned a great sunburst of diamonds, in the midst of which flashed a gleaming sapphire. A little black patch or two on her cheeks completed her preparations.

Then, full of anticipation for her lover, she ran down to the hall. To her great disappointment the room was empty; he had not yet come. She waited a moment; her eyes fell upon the frame from which the remnants of the tattered painting had been removed, which was leaning on a dais in front of an alcove against the wall, just beneath the spot where the picture had hung. A new thought occurred to her. Why not? She eagerly pushed the old chair behind the frame, arranged it as it had been in the picture, and sat down in exactly the same position her mother had assumed when the portrait had been painted. She had often practiced it before the mirror, and had acquired the pose perfectly.

The rich, dark old tapestry of arras formed an appropriate background, and life and love and expectation threw a light in her eyes and painted upon her cheeks hues that no skill, however cunning, could have duplicated, no palette save that of Nature in her rarest mood supplied. The girl had forgotten for the moment her engagement to another; she had forgotten the impending fate which hung over the man she truly loved. She was only a woman, loving, beloved, waiting. The thought of his surprise, the consciousness of her own beauty, deepened the color on her cheeks and the palpitation of her bosom told of the beating of her heart.

She looked hastily about her, and as the door opened settled herself in the position of sweet repose of the picture. Never had earth borne a fairer woman. The first sound that struck her ear was the somewhat harsh voice of her guardian. A wave of disappointment swept across her. She half rose as if to discover herself, and then as she heard her lover's voice she sank back and waited, motionless and expectant.

"Lieutenant Barry O'Neill, marquis de Richemont, I bid you good evening," said the admiral genially.

"Sir, good evening to you," replied O'Neill, something warning him of an impending struggle.

"Allow me," said the admiral, passing his snuffbox, from which both gentlemen helped themselves elaborately.

"I have here," continued the old man, drawing a piece of paper from the desk as they walked toward the center of the room, neither of them noticing the picture at the moment, as it was behind them, "some account of the life and adventures of one Gerald O'Neill, some time gentleman of the County Clare, in Ireland, who rebelled against his gracious majesty King George II., of blessed memory, in the year 1745. His lands were escheated to the crown, his life forfeited. Unfortunately for us, and fortunately for him, he escaped to the continent, entered the service of Louis XV. and became"—

"You may spare me any further details, my lord. I know them too well. He became a marshal of France, and my father."

"Two great honors, surely," said the admiral, smiling pleasantly.

"I thank your lordship for the compliment. Pray proceed."

"I have here, also, a brief account of the history of another gentleman in whom I doubt not you are deeply interested."

"And that is"—

"One Barry O'Neill, marquis de Richemont."

"Your very humble servant, sir."

"Your discrimination does you honor, marquis," said the admiral playfully.

"Faith, sir, you read me an easy riddle."

"I find that you have been concerned in every treasonable plot against his majesty which has been hatched on the continent since you were out of leading strings."

"Rather hard, but true, sir. An Irishman, you know, is naturally a rebel and a conspirator."

"Quite so, and those who are not drowned may expect to be hanged," said the admiral sternly.

"As I am a sailor I might reasonably have hoped for the former end, but I have forfeited my rights by coming on shore, I suppose." He paused, and as the admiral nodded gravely he continued with well simulated indifference: "'Tis not a pleasant mode of death, my lord, nor one that I would have chosen, nor one that is becoming a gentleman, but I trust I shall meet it with equanimity at least." O'Neill was a little paler than before, but still dauntlessly smiling.

"I am glad to see that you are a man of such resolution, sir," said the admiral. "If your discretion equal your courage, the matter may be arranged."

"It is useless to try it," was the reply. "To have known your ward, to have seen her and to know that she is destined for the arms of another makes life a hell and death a pleasure."

"Is it so?" said the admiral, pausing. "Think of the days of your own youth, sir, and one that you loved, and you will understand me."

The admiral reflected. The stake he was playing for was so high, his desire was so great, that, like the woman who hesitated, he fell. There would be some way out of it, surely. As he drew near to the moment and to the goal his overwhelming desire took possession of him and blinded him. Desire blinds as well as love.

"Even that," finally he said slowly, looking meaningly at O'Neill the while, "may be arranged."

"Good God!" said O'Neill, white to the lips. "What is it you would have me do? Speak! Titles, rank, station, friends, fame, opportunities, life itself, would I cheerfully give for her who has taken possession of me. Speak, my lord!" cried the young man entreat-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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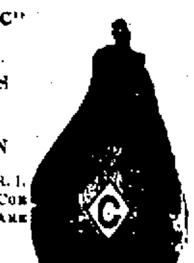

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A BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE.

Memorial Building at Famed Chautauqua For Grangers.

What the Order of Patrons of Husbandry in New York state has long hoped for is about to be realized in the erection of a beautiful structure at Chautauqua lake as grange headquarters. Last year the Pomona grange of Chautauqua county acquired a very desirable building site, and now, through the generosity of Mr. Cyrus E. Jones of Jamestown, N. Y., there is to be erected on the site and facing Chautauqua lake a grange building which shall be a memorial to the late Rev. Emory Jones, father of the donor of the building, whose name is a household word in Chautauqua county. Already the work has been begun. The building is to be ready for use July 1, but will not be wholly completed until autumn. From the Jamestown Journal we take the following description of the proposed structure:

The building will be 31 by 60 feet in size on the ground. The style will be that of a Greek Doric temple, with four columned portico on the Simpson avenue front. The portico is reached by steps from either end. Between the columns there will be heavy Greek seats acting as a rail. The pediment is decorated with the symbolic design of the Patrons of Husbandry. The material will be cement on expanded metal, with trimmings of wood. The prevailing color will be cream trimmed with white, the sash and doors of antique bronze green.

On the interior will be a large assembly hall in front with eighteen foot ceiling. A classic fireplace will face the main entrance. In the rear of the assembly room will be kitchen, coat and toilet rooms, and a mezzanine floor will afford committee and keeper's rooms. The interior trim will be of ash, the floors of southern pine. Classic proportions will be observed throughout. In the frieze at front will be lettered "Patrons of Husbandry."

This building will be a noble memorial to a noble man, and the Patrons of Husbandry have rich cause for congratulation that Cyrus E. Jones determined upon this form of expressing in permanent form his love and veneration for his father. It will be one of the most imposing structures at Chautauqua and will prove of great use and benefit to the Order which is in such perfect accord with the Chautauquan scheme of education, and thousands of grangers will each season avail themselves of the accommodations and conveniences which the building is designed to provide.

THE FARMER'S EDUCATION.

It Need Not Be Unlike That For Others in Essentials.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the kind of education which farmers need, but all agree that successful agriculture depends upon education. I can see no reason why a farmer primarily should receive any different education than any other person. What difference does it make whether a boy means to be a farmer, a doctor, a lawyer or a hod carrier? The comfort of life as well as its usefulness, in whatever sphere, depends upon mental grasp and power, and it is the business of the college to give this very thing. The technical studies by which the doctor, the lawyer and the agriculturist are equipped for their work by no means exhaust the scope of a college education. It is intended to fit men and women to fill their appointed places in life with satisfaction to themselves and profit to their fellows.—G. A. Fuller.

The Grange a Beneficent Organization.

Do the farmers of this country realize what an influence for their good and advancement of their interests the grange is? Many of them are members of this great organization, and many have not improved their opportunity. Those who do belong reap benefits that the others do not. All are interested in anything that pertains to the upbuilding and growth of agricultural interests, for upon their success depends the prosperity and happiness of every one.

We believe in the grange. It is beneficial in every way. It promotes acquaintaceship; it gives a social side to the life of a farmer, which he so much needs; it stimulates ambition, it engenders friendship, it educates the mind in practical everyday matters and gives a zest to labor. Its united voice is a strong factor in the formation of laws and legislation for the advancement and betterment of mankind.—Country World.

Highland grange in California has established a summer school of economics and husbandry for the benefit of all interested in the problems of rural life which is meeting with great success and proving of real benefit to the farmers of that community.

We predict the largest attendance at the meeting of the national grange at Rochester, N. Y., next November in its history. There is talk of forming grange parties in each county of the state and going in special cars. The railroads will offer low rates.

An exchange says that Hon. N. J. Bachelder of New Hampshire is prominently mentioned for the presidency of the State college at Durham when he finishes his gubernatorial career as the Granite State's chief executive.

The Lesser of Two Evils.

Friend—What! Going to China? Why, I thought you preferred a home charge?

Missionary—Well, I do, but the board gave me my choice between the Boxer region and eastern Kentucky, and——

Friend—Oh, I see. Of course.—Baltimore American.

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A good sportswoman lives up to the fitness of dress for every occasion. There are certain traditions the spirit of which still lives, though the material side is subject to the changes of fashion, as in the cut of the coat and the skirt and the model of the hat.

Park riding habits are worn severely plain, with short safety skirts and half

CORRECT RIDING HABITS.

long basque coats or the three-quarter length which all tall, long waisted riders prefer. Seasonable tweeds and light weight habit cloths are now made up after the best English models—single breasted, buttoned down the front, with coat finish and revers, showing a high collar and cravat, the coat sleeve and rounding fronts to the basque or coat skirt.

Tan and dust gray cloth mixtures for country riding are in good form, while black and invisible blue cloth are considered fittest for park habits.

Summer habits for country use have a far greater latitude, as individual comfort is then considered, but when riders are at fashionable watering places they still keep up the regulation park dress, the lighter weight of the habit cloth being the only difference, together with the change to a straw sailor hat, black ones being the latest mode.

The first illustration shows a box saddle coat of tan covert cloth with the conventional habit skirt of Oxford gray cheviot. The second model is a single breasted tight fitting coat with skirt pieces and a habit skirt of Cambridge gray whipcord.

Bathing suits, jaunty, but quite practical, appear in the second cut. One is

JAUNTY BATHING DRESSES.

a five gored navy blue mohair sicilienne skirt with deep hem of the same tone of mohair, dotted with white, piped at the top with a blue and white cord, the front tabs, collar and high belt being also of the dotted goods.

The black mohair sicilienne suit of the second cut has a five gore plaited skirt and square necked waist finished with black and white silk braid.—Vogue.

Household Brevities.

Wash matting with soft water and salt only.

A little turpentine takes the grease off old furniture previous to repolishing.

To add a dash of black pepper to vanilla ice cream is one of the wrinkles of the cooks.

Cool water with a little borax or ammonia in it is preferable to soap and hot water on white paint.

Clean the clogged sewing machine first with gasoline liberally applied from an ordinary machine oil can, then oil as usual.

Two tablespoonfuls each of alcohol and ammonia to a pint of gasoline is said to be an improvement on the pure gasoline for cleaning dress goods.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THE GRIP OF HONOR.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ingly.

The heart of the girl in the picture frame in the dark corner stopped its beating. The gates of heaven, as it were, had been opened before her. What was the proposition?

"Listen!" said the admiral slowly, at last. He was sure he had him now.

"I could settle the course of the world while I wait for your reply, sir. Delay no longer, I pray you; I am in a torture of apprehension," said O'Neill eagerly.

"I design not to take from you rank nor station nor lands nor position," replied the admiral. "I offer you a free pardon for all your past offenses—nay it shall cover your father's as well, if you wish. There shall be a restoration of the ancient lands of your venerable house. I will put your feet upon a ladder by which you may rise to the very highest position. I open before you vistas of honorable advancement in the service of your rightful king in your native land, in which there is no limit to which a man of courage may not attain."

"These are nothing," said the young man impetuously, "beside Lady Elizabeth Howard. Some of the things you mention I now have; some I do not wish; some are nothing to me. But your ward, sir—what of her?"

"Oh, what a lover is there!" whispered to herself the girl in the picture frame, forgetting the pose, clasping her white hands and leaning forward with shining eyes, blushing cheeks and parted lips, listening with wildly beating heart. This in her breast now was love, indeed, in no way like to the pale affection with which she regarded the unfortunate Coventry. The admiral spoke again, fixing his eye upon the young man. His words came slowly:

"Well, sir, I will even agree to interpose no objections to your suit for the hand of my ward."

"But that is tantamount to giving your consent, my lord," said O'Neill, coming nearer to him in great surprise, his heart bounding, and yet there must

"What are the conditions?"

be some conditions to the royal gift. The admiral bowed. "And Major Coventry?" cried the Irishman.

"His desires must give way to—er—reasons of state," said the admiral decisively. "I will arrange all that. If you can obtain her consent to your suit she is yours, provided"— He paused significantly. Ah, the conditions!

"My consent!" thought Elizabeth, happiness flooding her like a wave, and then she remembered that she was a woman, and indignation found a lodgment in her being. 'Twas not thus she would be wooed and won, not in this bartering way disposed of. By what right did any one, even her guardian, presume to— O'Neill was speaking again.

"What are the conditions—what is it you wish me to do? If it be in human power, 'tis done. Torment me no more. As you are a man and have a heart, speak!" In his agitation the younger man seized the elder by the arm.

"I desire you to go back to your ship and arrange to put in my possession the person of John Paul Jones," said the admiral, with the greatest deliberation, concealing his anxiety by an appearance of great firmness as he nonchalantly helped himself to a pinch of snuff. An accurate observer would have noticed that the trembling of his hands belied his simulated calmness.

It was out now! What would the man say or do? Elizabeth sank back appalled. So this was the condition; this was the test. He was to choose between her and black treachery—dishonor! His answer, what would it be? Had her idol feet of clay, after all? Her fate hung in the balance. She could never survive his shame if he fell; if not—ah!

O'Neill released the admiral at once, stared at him a long moment in horrified silence, shrank away from him and sank down in the chair and buried his face in his hands for a little space. His two auditors waited, hope for different results trembling in either heart. Presently he looked up and rose to his feet.

"Treachery—dishonor—shame! And with her innocence and youth and beauty you bait your trap!" ejaculated O'Neill brokenly. The admiral still played with his snuffbox, his eyes averted, his hands trembling still. Was it age or—

"Oh, my God, my God!" continued the sailor, stricken to the very heart. "To raise my hopes to such a pitch—to put the cup of happiness to my very lips—to open the gates of heaven in my very presence, and couple your propositions with this—this infamy! I am a lover, sir, you know it well, but you should not have forgotten that I am, before everything else, a gentleman. How could you do it? It ill becomes your years," he went on impetuously, in mounting indignation. "I am your prisoner—your captive, but I knew not that misfortune gave you a right to insult me thus. My lord, my lord, the ladder upon which you put my feet leads down, not up. Hell, not heaven, is its end!"

"Think!" said the admiral doggedly feeling the game was lost, but, like a desperate gamester, playing on. "The Lady Elizabeth is at the end, where'er it be."

"I love her, God only knows how much I love her. From the moment I saw her I have had no thought but for her. I could not look her in the face and be guilty of this thing." The girl in the picture almost cried aloud for joy in this triumph of her lover's honor.

"She shall never know," replied the admiral. "I will pledge my word of honor."

The honor of the tempter for the dishonor of the tempted! O'Neill laughed bitterly.

"It has not in forty years of service been called in question," replied the old man, stifling his growing shame.

"Nor has mine," said O'Neill, "until this hour. You are her guardian, an old man. Your gray hairs should protect you, but 'tis well for you that I have no sword, for I swear I would plunge it first into your heart and then into my own!"

"Think what it is I offer," persisted the other. "Compare it to what you now have in the way of worldly honor. What do you care for that bit of striped bunting and those beggarly rebels who have presumed to declare a republic? What is a republic anyway, and what function has it in a gentleman's life, pray? What have we to do with the common people? What are their aspirations to you? What affiliations have you for that low born gardener, turned pirate and buccaneer to ravage our coasts, dishonor our flag? This is the kingdom in which you were born. Here your rightful allegiance is due. I offer you for the giving up of a—sentiment which possesses you the favor of your king and the hand of the woman you love, every earthly thing to make you happy. You are an exile, a wanderer, a soldier of fortune. I give you a country again."

"And do you, a man of honor, advise me to"—

"Damnation, sir! I advise nothing. I offer. The decision rests with you."

"Ah, I thought so! And what would you do in my place, sir?"

"I'm not there, thank God!" said the old man fervently. "And I repeat—you must decide yourself."

"Very good, sir. It is true that I like not that republic. Its principles are nothing to me. But I have found that gardener's son a man—aye, a gentleman! You have called me a landless man, an exile, a soldier of fortune—that, too, is true. But to Captain Jones and his service I have pledged my honor; 'tis all I have. The stars and stripes are become my flag. I wear the uniform, I eat the bread of the United States. You may break my heart, destroy my life. You cannot break my word. There is not power and place enough in the three kingdoms—no, not even on their throne—not beauty enough even in Elizabeth Howard to tempt me, to compel me to do that. Say no more. You have your answer!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Arabian Delicacies.

In a recent Egyptian review may be found some curious extracts from Al Djahez, a celebrated scientist of the tenth century. Speaking of the favorite dishes of the Arabians of that epoch, he says that they considered the flesh of young dogs a great delicacy and also ate grasshoppers and scorpions with much relish. Moreover, they esteemed the flesh of black cats highly, since they maintained that any one who ate it could not be injured either by sorcery or by the evil eye.

Al Djahez also says that he was disappointed when he found that the Arabian tribes of Bassorah did not eat grasshoppers, but, on the other hand, was highly delighted to find his friend, the famous poet Roobah, feasting royally on roast rats and lizards. The Arabians, he says in conclusion, also ate serpents and horses, but took the utmost care only to serve at table horses which had been harnessed, as they did not consider it right to eat those which had been ridden.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

Gladstone and the Actor.

An English speaker related this anecdote to an audience of theatrical employees: "Mr. Gladstone, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree was introduced to him, hardly knew upon what topic to converse with him, but at length asked Mr. Tree's opinion as to the politics of the stage, whether it is, as a rule, Liberal or Conservative. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Tree wickedly, 'I really have not studied the question, but I should think the actors are mostly Conservative.' 'Dear me,' replied Mr. Gladstone, 'I wonder whether there is any exception to that rule?' 'I should say,' replied Mr. Tree, 'the scene shifters are Radicals to a man!'"

Arsenic a Necessity.

Arsenic—that terrible poison, abhorred of all people for ages, the chief ingredient of the philters of antiquity of the middle ages, when they were designed to get rid of a troublesome enemy—arsenic is neither more nor less than a constituent element of the tissues of all living beings, vegetable or animal. Without arsenic no life is possible. This purveyor of death is one of the great supporters of life. Such is the apparant paradox affirmed by Professor Armand Gautier as the result of physiological and clinical observations.—Paris Nature.

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JOHN VARS,

181 Thames Street

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, July 11, 1903.

The city council did its work Tuesday evening with promptness and despatch. Perhaps hot weather had something to do with it.

Thus far the loss in wages in the building trades strike in New York city foots up $21,000,000. Arbitration is more effective, and far cheaper.

The debt of the United States decreased in the month of June $10,676,896. This is a pretty good showing and speaks well for the administration.

Newport is disappointed that the British fleet did not see fit to give some of its time to Newport instead of wasting it all at Bar Harbor. John Bull's officers and men would have been royally cared for if they had come.

Monday the Shamrock III. covered a thirty-mile course in 2h. 58m. 37s. This is fast time, but the fact should not be overlooked that there was no windward work. She was able to lay her course out and back without tacking. That is rather different from a real cup course.

The Republican state convention of Iowa has adopted trust and tariff planks favoring the regulation of trusts, and reiterating faith in the principles of protection and reciprocity. The Iowa "idea" seems to be to let well enough alone and that does not seem to be such a bad idea after all.

The town of Jamestown must be growing in population with great rapidity. This year they have found one hundred and sixty voters to register who are not taxpayers. This is by far the largest registration in the history of the town. It is extremely doubtful if all have resided there the required two years.

Governor Garvin says that his views are the same as those of the late Henry George, the great apostle of socialism and the so-called single tax experiments. Are the Democrats of Rhode Island ready to swallow bodily the ideas advanced by George and his satellites? If so they will soon find themselves in a very small minority.

A briber is a traitor. He may be a captain of industry, he may be a United States senator, he may be a philanthropist. If he has won his fortune by bribery, the cost of his success is the undermining of the institutions of his country. He is not an "example to youth;" he is a corrupter of youth, a corrupter of everything he touches.

The outlook for the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty by the Colombian congress continues to improve and unless some new hitch develops, it is expected that an affirmative vote will be taken the latter part of this month. It will take about three weeks for the necessary papers to be made out and transmitted, so that if all goes well, the canal payments aggregating $50,000,000, will be due about the middle of August. Secretary Shaw expects to be able to pay this out of the treasury surplus, which will be a piece of financiering that would not have been possible a few years ago.

According to those best informed the registration all over the State this year is largely in favor of the Republicans. In Newport it is certainly so. Some who ought to be good judges claim that that party has over five hundred the best of its Democratic opponents. The result of the registration gives the Republicans strong encouragement to believe that they can elect their candidate for governor this fall, and thus make Gov. Garvin a yearling. His constant and continuous defamation of of the good name of the State has created for him many enemies among those who voted for him last year.

The Providence Sunday Journal gave a list of the possible candidates on the Republican ticket. The names most prominently mentioned are Gen. William Ames and R. H. I. Goddard of Providence, Hon. Geo. H. Utter of Westerly is a good second, and Hon. F. P. Garrettson and Col. W. P. Sheffield, Jr., of this city receive honorable mention. They are all good men, but the man who would probably make the strongest candidate of any mentioned is Gen. William Ames.

The Economic Situation.

A prominent writer says: The economic situation in the country is something like this: The thing called money is plentiful. Capital is seeking investment everywhere. Prices run high and profits are reasonably easy to make in any legitimate venture. Taking advantage of the prosperity, the men who have access to large sums of money have manipulated the stocks of industrial companies, and, by throttling competition in some instances and arbitrarily advancing prices of commodities to consumers in other instances, have heaped up profits so lavishly that they have seemed more like unearned increment or bald robbery of the community than legitimate earnings of regular business operations. These combinations are called trusts. There chiefest evil is that they demand interest of soeity on stock values that are dishonestly enlarged. The men who form trusts and batten on them are not industrial creators—as were the rich men of the last generation—but they form a class almost by themselves of shrewd, arrogant, greedy, conscienceless stock brokers, who seem to have lost much of the wholesome earth-flavor of the "self-made men" who built the railroads, opened the mines, patented machines, developed the industries and damned the people in the sixties, seventies and eighties. The millionaires of other days were human chaps, of the people and by the people, if not for the people.

Around the World.

On the opening of the Commercial Pacific cable on July 4th, President Roosevelt sent a message around the world. The time required for transmission was twelve minutes. The route was as follows: The Postal telegraph company land line from Oyster Bay to San Francisco, thence by the Commercial Pacific cables to Honolulu, to Midway, to Guam and to Manila. From Manila to Hong Kong the message passed by the cable which was lifted and cut by Admiral Dewey in 1898. From Hong Kong it went to Saigon, to Singapore, to Penang, to Madras, to Bombay, to Aden, to Suez, to Alexandria, to Malta, to Gibraltar, to Lisbon and to the Azores. Between Hong Kong and the Azores it had passed by foreign cables. At the Azores it was taken up again by the Commercial cables and sent to Canso, to New York and to Oyster Bay.

There are some curious features in sending a message around the world. A message starting at 5 a. m. today would arrive at Honolulu at 11 p. m. yesterday, at Midway at 10 p. m. yesterday, at Guam 7 p. m. today and at Manila at 6 p. m. today. It would pass through India at 3 p. m. today and would return to New York before 6 a. m. Thus it would have made an excursion from today into yesterday and have arrived back at New York within an hour of the time it started.

A shipment of 7,300 bales of cotton has been made to New Orleans, principally from New England mills. This is said to be the largest shipment ever made from the north to New Orleans. This would seem like shipping coals to Newcastle. The high price of cotton is wholly the result of speculation. Somebody will get hurt by and by.

As a result of the boom in the price of cotton, 11,000 acres have been planted this season in Porto Rico. It will not take Americans long to get at cotton possibilities in the new possessions.

Southern Progress.

In spite of the temporary effects of high priced cotton southern capital and capital from other parts of the country are finding steady investment in southern textile enterprises, the additions to established mills as for some time past exceeding the investments in new mills. Reviewing the second quarter of the year, the Manufacturers' Record says that while there were no especially large individual enterprises announced, several $500,000 companies were organized with all the required capital secured. During the three months eighteen new mills were organized with a total of 119,500 spindles and 2,840 looms to be installed, indicating an expenditure of about $2,390,000 and nineteen established mills announced their intention to add 172,554 spindles and 2,359 looms, indicating an expenditure of about $3,450,000. The total of additions is $292,054 spindles and 5,199 looms, requiring an expenditure of about $5,840,000. Of the additions Georgia is to have 95,112 spindles, South Carolina 95,000, North Carolina 78,942, Alabama 18,000 and Virginia 5,000.

During the first half of the year there was a notable activity in organizing companies for the erection of oil mills. According to the manufacturers' Record the wew capital invested in this industry during the past six months is greater than the whole capital represented in cotton oil mills in 1880. In that year the south had 40 oil mills with a capital of $3,500,000. During the past six months 94 new companies were organized to build mills at an estimated cost of $3,675,000. In this movement the greatest activity was in Arkansas, where 17 new companies were formed with a total capitalization of $1,170,000. Mississippi was second with 15 companies captilized at $665,000 South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, North Carolina, Indian Territory and Oklahoma following in the order named as to the amount of capital invested.

Poor Richard, Junior.

Money talks but it doesn't gossip.

A jack of all trades is a jack, all right.

There are more wife-made men than self-made men.

There will always be boodling in cities so long as boodlers are elected to office.

Great men had good mothers, but if all good mothers had great sons there would be a surplus.

Mr. George A. Hazard, the well known dealer in mineral waters, was badly injured in an accident on Spring street on Thursday. The delivery wagon which he was driving was struck by an electric car and Mr. Hazard was thrown to the ground. He was unconscious for a few moments and a physician was summoned. Mr. Hazard was removed to his home in the ambulance and is now as comfortable as could be expected. He is suffering from a compound fracture of the jaw.

Dr. C. T. Walker delivered an interesting address on "Forty Years of Freedom—The American Negro: His Hindrances and Progress" at Shiloh Baptist Church Wednesday evening. The church was completely filled and the audience followed the speaker's remarks with the closest attention. Rev. H. N. Jeter presided and music was rendered by members of the Jeter family.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan arrived in Newport in his steam yacht Corsair on Thursday.

The State Militia are in camp this this week at Quonset Point camp ground.

Washington Matters.

Secretary Hay has a Great Scheme for Prognosticating War—Delicate Complication with Russia—The Situation in the Postoffice Department—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1903.

Secretary Hay has left Washington and is visiting his daughter at Newport. Just before he left Washington he said to a visitor that he had one thing more to do before leaving the city and that was to make up his war calendar. Noting his visitor's surprise he explained. "I am driven to this extremity by the newspapers, which are bound to plunge our country into war with somebody at every turn. The other morning it was with Germany because the report had gotten out that the order for the naval visit to Kiel had been countermanded. Today, I believe, it is with Russia because of an unexpected snub for the Jewish note, tomorrow it is liable to be with England because of—Heaven knows what—the fall of American stock on the London Exchange, may be. Now the trouble with reports, especially during the warm weather when ordinary news is dull, is that they don't agree as they should; and then they get us into so many fights at once that it would severely tax our resources to carry them all through to victory.

"It struck me not long ago that it would simplify matters if we arranged a uniform program in this line for some little time in advance. I have noticed that a story or an explanation 'by authority' is always cordially welcomed by the press; so, why should I not get up a summer schedule of foreign wars before I leave town, print it in attractive style with 'By authority' in large letters in the corner and hand it out to the newspaper representatives in Washington. It could be arranged in the form of a calender, with a separate page for each month, and I could string prognostications along the outer margin of the page, as they used to in the old farmers almanacs. For example, between the last and the 15th of July I could have a marginal legend like this: About this time look out for hostilities with Turkey.

"Between the 16th and the 31th I could forecast: 'Stock up with Parisian goods before ports close. War with France is imminent,' and between the first and fifteenth of August: 'United States will land more marines in Venice. Italian Ambassador at Washington will demand passports.' Great idea, isn't it? I have taken out no patent on it, but I may apply for one. I could call it an 'apparatus for regulating foreign wars and procuring intermittent comfort for American cabinet officers'."

It is not likely, however that the Secretary, when making these facetious remarks, anticipated the delicate situation which has arisen in regard to presenting the Jewish petition to the Czar. Russia has announced through the Associated Press, that it will not receive any "petition, representation or communication regarding its internal affairs". The United States has met this statement with another to the effect that it can recognize no unofficial or semi-official statement regarding the action of Russia, and that the petition regarding the Jewish massacre at Kishnev, will be forwarded to Saint Petersburg as soon as received. Incidentally the unfriendly position of Russia regarding the opening of the Manchurian ports to the United States is mentioned in an "unofficial" statement appended to the foregoing. It is regarded as more than probable that if Russia were to recede from its position regarding the Manchurian situation, the United States might be induced to reconsider its determination to forward the petition which Russia appears to regard as obnoxious.

Postmaster General Payne, acting on the advice of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, has taken the first step towards the reorganization of the postal service on a business basis. It has been definitely announced that hereafter the existance of congressional districts will be ignored in the establishment of rural free delivery routes and that such routes be established only where they will serve at least 100 persons and cover an approximate distance of 25 miles. It is stated that the establishment of routes, irrespective of whether the conditions justified it or not, has grown into a grave abuse, threatening the entire business administration of the Postoffice Department and this statement is more than borne out by the deficit of the previous year has been nearly doubled, the total for this year being $4,617,203. In this connection the remark of an official well posted on the purchase of government supplies is significant. He says that a serious abuse is the purchase of supplies made by companies in which members of Congress are interested. Such interest led to extravagant appropriations and this official estimates that the total loss to the government from this one source amounts to no less than $50,000,000 per annum.

The Postmaster General has left Washington for a brief rest, as has indeed every member except Secretary Moody, all taking advantage of the 4th of July to get away from their desks. Meanwhile First Assistant Postmaster General Payne is acting Postmaster General. Before leaving Washington Mr. Payne and Mr. Wynne had a long talk and it is now believed that the strained relations which have heretofore existed between Mr. Payne and his first assistant are being dissipated. The chief subjects now under investigation by Mr. Bristow are the contract for sheet-iron letter boxes, which have been substituted for the old-fashioned cast-iron boxes, the painting of these boxes with a patent "aluminum" paint and the General Manifolding Company which sells upwards of $40,000 worth of duplicating paper to the Government each year, about half that amount being bought by the Postoffice Department. Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania is known to be a stockholder in this company and it is rumored that Speaker-to-be Cannon is also.

Washington enjoyed an old-fashioned 4th of July celebration, participated in by the French Ambassador, Secretary Moody, Admiral Dewey and other distinguished men, assisted by the marine band and the troops, sailors and marines stationed around Washington.

The automobile explosion whereby Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt had his hair singed was also the occasion of a pretty "close shave." He is now at a Paris hotel getting well. There is no way of successfully denying the fact that an automobile must be handled with as much care as a horse or otherwise it may "kick" and hurt somebody. "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first."—Boston Herald.

POLE GAVE WAY

Struck Five Persons, While Numerous Others Received Shocks

Boston, July 10.—A pole supporting six large feed wires of the Edison Electric Illuminating company on First street, South Boston, fell last night, seriously injuring five persons, none fatally, and causing a suspension of all street traffic for over an hour. The injured are: James Harvey, Mrs. Margaret Conroy, Annie Conroy, Frank Holkman and Mrs. Ellen Griffin.

Besides the above numerous people received severe shocks from contact with the wires, each of which carried a voltage of 500, before the power was shut off. None of these was seriously injured. The accident was due, it is said, to the fact that the pole had become decayed and was unable to bear the strain of the heavy wires.

Mrs. Conroy had her infant in a baby carriage and was passing just as the pole was seen to topple. Holkman, seeing the child's danger, jumped for the carriage and succeeded in pulling it from under the falling pole, thereby saving the child's life, but he was knocked down and severely injured about the left arm and shoulder. Mrs. Conroy was thrown to the ground and her leg was broken. It is feared that she may have received more serious internal injuries.

The accident drew a crowd of several thousand and great excitement prevailed until it was ascertained that no one had been killed.

Firebug In a Maine Town

Rockland, Me., July 10.—Fire that broke out last night at 10 o'clock served to remove what doubt might have existed regarding the presence of a firebug in the community. It is the fourth time since July 3 that the unknown incendiary has set fire to property belonging to the Spear estate. The loss in the last instance is placed at $2000. Mrs. Patrick Burns and child were sleeping in a house adjoining the storage building that was partially burned. Mother and little one were almost suffocated when rescued.

Conductor's Memory Was Poor

Portland, Me., July 10.—A special car carrying 40 children of a Sunday school was in collision last evening with a regular car, caused by the conductor of the special forgetting to wait for the regular at a turnout, as he had been directed to do. Motorman Hickox of the special had one foot so badly crushed that it will probably have to be amputated and several of the children were cut and bruised. The special car was badly smashed.

Assault May Result Fatally

Westfield, Mass., July 10.—Patrick Keough was murderously assaulted and robbed last night and lies at the point of death. His assailants are unknown. Patrolman Broadbent heard cries coming from Prospect hill about 11:30 o'clock, and when he arrived on the scene found Keough tottering around. In a short time he was seized with convulsions and it required the efforts of six men to hold him.

Officers Looking For Horse Thief

East Whately, Mass., July 10.—Officers from Vermont, Massachusetts and New York are looking for C. R. Young, who, it is alleged, is a notorious horse thief. It is claimed that he has spent 43 of the 60 years of his life in prison, principally for horse stealing. He was discharged from the state prison at Windsor, Vt., on May 1. It is claimed that he has stolen three rigs since that time.

MISS HALEY'S VICTORY

Defeats College Presidents In Tilt Over the N E A Bylaws

Boston, July 10.—John W. Cook of Illinois is the head of the National Education association for the coming year. He headed the list of officers presented by the nominating committee and was elected at the annual meeting of active members. The newly elected treasurer is McHenry Rhoades of Kentucky. The retiring president, Dr. Eliot, heads the list of 12 vice presidents.

The sensation of the meeting was the spirited difference of opinion between Presidents Eliot of Harvard and Butler of Columbia, on the one side and Miss Margaret A. Haley of Chicago on the other over a proposed amendment to the bylaws giving the election of the nominating committee, now lodged with the state delegates, to the president. Miss Haley opposed the proposed change and came out victorious after a lively forensic battle with the two college presidents in which a number of the delegates joined.

The convention will practically close today, although the visitors have kept up their registration, and the list is now far beyond 30,000.

Turkish War Party's Advice

Constantinople, July 10.—A special session of the ministerial council was held at which it is understood the war party insisted on Turkey's right to continue the occupation of strategic points on the frontier, in spite of Austrian and Russian remonstrances. It was maintained that it was impossible to act otherwise lest Turkey be caught unprepared. A panic occurred on the bourse and Turkish bonds fell 1½ points, owing to sales by palace functionaries.

A $400,000 Shoe Failure

Boston, July 9.—The Shoe and Leather Mercantile agency reports the assignment of Ara Cushman & Co., shoe manufacturers of Auburn, Me., to E. S. Paul of that city. Ara Cushman & Co. was a Maine corporation with a paid up capital of $500,000 and stood high in the trade. The firm was incorporated in 1888 and did a business of $1,250,000 per annum. The assignment was attributed to the inability of the firm to secure sufficient [illegible] consolidation.

Reduced to Scrap Metal

New London, Conn., July 10.—The big dynamite gun at Fort Wright, Fisher's Island, recently condemned and sold by the war department, was blown to pieces with 100 pounds of dynamite by the metal dealers who purchased it. The gun and carriage weighed 75 tons.

Steam yacht Electra, with ex-Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry and family on board, has arrived, and the members of the family are at their villa, "Seaverge," on Bellevue avenue, where they will remain during the summer.

There is little change in the condition of Mrs. James G. Blaine, her physician saying that life is simply wasting away. The end may come suddenly or she may live several days.

Battleship Texas with the Hartford and five torpedo boat destroyers will arrive in these waters about July 18 for practice drills both by day and night.

Rev. Israel Derricks, S. T. D., was given a farewell reception at the Mount Zion A. M. E. Church Thursday evening.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that your husband gets a great deal of enjoyment out of his new automobile." "Oh, yes," replied her hostess, "Josiah claims he's one of the best amateur chauffeurs in this part of the country now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"How do you like your new servant?" "That isn't the question at all," answered the young Mrs. Tuckins, "We are trying to find out how she likes us."

New England's hay crop may turn out to be a little short, but the crop of grass widows at the shore resorts is said to be somewhat larger and more attractive than ever.—Boston Herald.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY 1903. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
11 Sat	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
12 Sun	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
13 Mon	4 [illegible]	7 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
14 Tues	4 [illegible]	7 31	10 [illegible]	10 [illegible]	10 [illegible]
15 Wed	4 [illegible]	7 31	10 [illegible]	11 13	11 [illegible]
16 Thurs	4 [illegible]	7 30	11 [illegible]	[illegible]	12 [illegible]
17 Fri	4 42	7 30	11 37	12 13	12 [illegible]

First Quarter 1st day, 1h. 2m., evening.
Full Moon 9th day, 6h. 4m., evening.
Last Quarter 17th day, 2h. 8m., evening.
New Moon, 24th day, 7h. 4m., morning.
First Quarter, 31st day, 3h. 13m., morning.

For Sale.

Two-tenement house, Third street,	$[illegible]
Two-tenement house, Hammond street,	[illegible]
Two-tenement house, Golden Hill street,	[illegible]
Cottage, Ashhurst Place,	[illegible]
Cottage, Division street,	[illegible]
Cottage, Friendship street,	[illegible]

SIMEON HAZARD,

40 BROADWAY.

Office open Saturday evenings.

A. O'D. TAYLOR.

Real Estate Agent, 132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport.

I am sole agent for the splendid 4-acre lot of land in Middletown, lying across the creek, at east of Easton's Beach. An hotel or first-class boarding house erected there would be certain to secure a large summer business. Finest seaside site available—bathing rights, &c. For price apply at my office in Newport. 23d May, 1903. A. O'D. TAYLOR.

Deaths.

In this city, 9th inst., Benjamin J. Shepley.

Entered into rest, in this city, 10th inst., at her late residence, Zabriskie House, Mrs. Margaret Merritt.

In this city, 10th inst., at her residence 11 Milburn Court, Abby, wife of Captain Eugene Sullivan.

In this city, 5th inst., at his residence, 12 Van Zandt avenue, John Corridon.

In this city, 7th inst., Mary, widow of Captain John Harrington, aged 83 years.

In this city, 5th inst., Michael Cross.

In this city, 4th inst., Charles H. Ball, in his 68th year.

In Little Compton, 5th inst., William S. Church, aged 79 years, 9 months and 28 days.

In Little Compton, 2d inst., Frank C. Pedro, in his 31st year.

In Providence, 5th inst., Eleanor Sheldon Knight, in her 93th year.

Life Insurance

MEANS

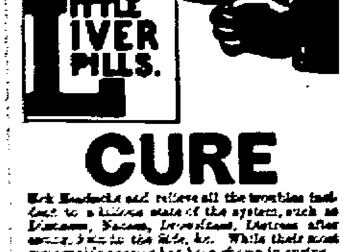
Food, Shelter, Education and Capital for your Family and Yourself.

THE TIME to purchase it is NOW.

Full particulars of

C. H. Wrightington,

94 Broadway, Telephone 924



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Laxative Bromo Quinine

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

President Roosevelt.

A presidential writer says of the present incumbent: It was not because of his cunning that President Roosevelt fooled his enemies. He is not particularly shrewd in the foxy sense of the word. He is honest. It was because of his honesty that he disappointed those who looked with pleasure on his look to the close of his career. There is a curious blindness in the eyes of that part of society which we call, for want of a better term, organized wealth. It cannot see the difference between the man who stands for simple justice, if he touches the purse of wealth, and the man who stands for plunder and threatens to take the whole purse and guillotine him who holds it. So when the President went forth preaching tolerance and temperance and brotherhood, and declaiming against class lines and advocating charity and patience, and the fundamental virtues those men who thought him a Danton were greatly impressed at his shrewdness—which is absurd.

NOTICE

—TO—

Taxpayers

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, City Hall, Newport, R. I., June 27, 1903.

THE TAX BILL for 1903 is now in my hands for collection, and must be paid from and including

JULY 1, 1903,

to and including

AUGUST 31, 1903.

The time allowed by the Ordinance of the City Council for the payment of this Tax expires on the 31st day of August, 1903, and according to said Ordinance (as authorized by the Laws of this State) all taxes not paid on or before that date, shall carry, until collected, a PENALTY at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Taxpayers are therefore earnestly requested to pay the amount assessed upon their several estates.

Checks accepted.

Office hours from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

E. W. HIGBEE, Collector of Taxes.

8-27-9w

The printed list of taxpayers for 1903 is now ready for distribution at the office of the Tax Collector.

The Island Savings Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND, at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, will be paid to the depositors of this bank, on and after July 15, 1903.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.

Newport, R. I., June 19, 1903—6-27

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

ON AND AFTER JULY 1,

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days 7.05, 10.80 a. m.; 5 p. m. (9 p. m. Saturdays only). Sundays 8.05, 11.00 a. m.; 5, 5.10 and 9 p. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 9 a. m.; 2 and 5 p. m. Sundays, 9.45, 10 a. m.; 2 and 3 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 60 Cents.

The first a. m. boat from Newport to Providence and last p. m. boat from Providence to Newport stop at Conanicut and Prudence Parks daily, Sundays included; also 9 a. m. from Providence and 5 p. m. from Newport, Fridays, for passengers only.

LEAVE NEWPORT

FOR NARRAGANSETT PIER.

Week days, 10.45 a. m. Return, 1.05 p. m. (Sundays, 11.30 a. m. Return, Sundays, 4.30 p. m.)

FOR BLOCK ISLAND.

Week days, 10.45 a. m. Return, 2.45 p. m. (Sundays, 11.25 a. m., Return, 3.10 p. m.)

FOR FALL RIVER.

Week days, 5.10 p. m. Return, 8.45 a. m. (Sundays, 5.15 p. m. Return, 9.30 a. m.)

FOR ROCKY POINT.

Week days, 10.30 a. m.; 5 p. m., and (Saturdays only 9 p. m). Sundays, 8.05, 11 a. m.; 9 p. m. Return, week days, 2.50 and 5.50 p. m. Return, Sundays, 2.50 and 3.50 p. m.

All freight should be unloaded on the wharf 15 minutes before leaving time of steamer to insure shipment. No freight transported Sunday.

Large and small steamers to charter for day and evening parties during the summer season of 1903 on application to

B. BUFFUM, Supt. Transportation.

A. H. WATSON, President.

CARR'S LIST,

Lovey Mary, by the author of Mrs. Wiggs.
A Whaleman's Wife, by F. T. Bullen.
The Insane Root, by Mrs. Campbell Praed.
The Room with the Little Door, by Roland Burnham Molineux.
Six Trees, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.
The New Boy at Dale, by Charles Edward Rich. A book of rare interest for boys and girls.
Whimlets, by S. Scott Stinson.
The Spy Company, by A. C. Gunter.
The Golden Rapids of High Life, by Colonel Richard H. Savage.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Turkish Baths.

When in Providence don't forget to try one of

"JOE HEATON'S"

TURKISH BATHS.

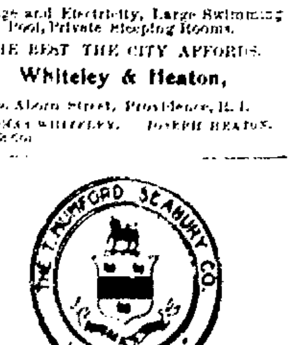
Massage and Electricity, Large Swimming Pool, Private Sleeping Rooms.

THE BEST THE CITY AFFORDS.

Whiteley & Heaton,

[illegible] Aborn Street, Providence, R. I.

THOMAS WHITELEY. JOSEPH HEATON.



BOOTS & SHOES,

214 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

HOPE ABANDONED

Pope Leo's Death Probably a Question of Hours

PROGRESS OF HIS DISEASE

Becomes More Marked, Despite the Deceptive Outward Appearance of Vigor—Pontiff Fully Realizes That End Cannot Long Be Deferred

Rome, July 10.—The injections given first by Dr. Mazzoni and then by Dr. Lapponi have had in part the desired effect, as the pope has succeeded in getting some sleep, although his slumber was not entirely tranquil. The patient's diet has been somewhat lightened since the attack of diarrhoea yesterday and is now limited mainly to meat broth and beef tea.

When, shortly after sunrise this morning, Dr. Lapponi went to see the pope, he found him with his hands together in the attitude of prayer. On the doctor inquiring whether he required anything the pope replied. "Today finishes a week since I was taken ill. I am thanking God for having given me strength to still pray to him."

Rome, July 10.—Another day of alternate hopes and fears has passed and Pope Leo's life still hangs in the balance. Beginning with renewed hopes the day closed with the scales tending slowly, but surely, downwards. How long this period of suspense will last not even the attending doctors dare to say.

The condition of Pope Leo at times yesterday morning seemed so favorable that the hopeful Dr. Mazzoni and the more conservative Dr. Lapponi united in expressing the belief that there was some prospect of recovery. But within a few hours these brighter prospects disappeared before the most alarming conclusions, reached after the lengthy consultation of the doctors. The earlier hopes had been inspired largely by the pontiff's outward evidence of vigor, as he was able to rise, walk and command all his faculties, but the later consultation disclosed that these outward evidences of strength were entirely deceptive, as the real danger consisted in the gradual internal progress of the insidious disease.

The mere fact of the consultation gave rise to the gloomiest forebodings. Indeed, this was the first actual consultation, as the previous frequent meetings of the doctors were not regarded as formal consultations. Yesterday, however, Dr. Rossoni, a distinguished specialist, was called in to a consultation lasting two hours, during which every phase of the patient's case was minutely gone over. The conclusions announced showed that fluid is again rapidly gathering in the pleural cavity and that the pope's general condition is very grave.

Whatever may be the outcome, the Vatican world has fully made up its mind that the demise of the pope is only a question of days at the most and probably only of hours. With this being the prevalent view, every detail for conducting the affairs of the church during the interregnum and for carrying out the election of Pope Leo's successor is being systematically arranged. Following advices from the Vatican, the cardinals throughout the world are hurrying Romeward anticipating the holding of a conclave for the choice of a pope.

That the pope fully realizes that his end cannot long be deferred is shown by the attention he has given during the last few days to the details of his final resting place. It is well known that he has discussed his testamentary dispositions and expressed his wishes as to the place and manner of his funeral. Shortly before he was taken ill the pontiff repeated to Cardinal Satolli his desire to be buried in the church of St. John Lateran. The spot he designated is above the entrance to the sacristy, corresponding to the opposite niche in which is the monument erected by himself in 1891 to Pope Innocent III. It is said that a statue of Pope Leo, forming part of the monument, has already been made. In other respects the tomb will resemble that of Innocent III, consisting of a sarcophagus with a bas relief, two niches, two statues and two medallions.

One of the most remarkable features of the sick room is the absolute simplicity and the entire absence of the usual elaborate equipment found in the sickrooms of distinguished patients. There are no trained nurses, the only attendants, besides the doctors, being the pope's valets, Centra and De Castro. The doctors are without a corps of assistants, and there are none of the modern appliances for refrigeration and other means of ameliorating the condition of patients.

Battleship In Bad Shape

New York, July 7.—It is said at the Brooklyn navy yard that the battleship Indiana is in such condition that when she is placed out of commission her machinery will have to be overhauled at a heavy cost to the government. Her boilers need a complete overhauling and her turrets require proper balancing, it is said.

Blaine's Widow Seriously Sick

Augusta, Me., July 8.—Mrs. Blaine, widow of the late James G. Blaine, is seriously ill at her home in this city. Her children are with her. Mrs. Blaine has been ill for some time, and her condition is due to a general breaking down of the system.

Labor Laws to Be Revised

Boston, July 10.—At a special meeting of the executive council Governor Bates nominated the following named men as members of the special committee of five to revise the laws in regard to the relations between employers and employes: Carroll D. Wright, Royal Robbins, Davis R. Dewey, William N. Osgood, Henry Sterling.

MILITIA AND MOB

Have Terrible Clash In Front of Jail at Evansville

SOMEONE FIRED A SHOT

After Soldiers Had Been Annoyed All Day and a General Fusillade Followed—Seven Killed Outright and Many Wounded

Evansville, Ind., July 7.—Following four days of rioting and general lawlessness this city last night saw the most terrible of its experiences with rioters. Seven persons are dead and 11 are known to be injured, with at least that number more thought to be hurt.

At 10:30 o'clock the members of company A, First regiment, National Guard, after a day's vigilance guarding the county jail, and 100 deputy sheriffs, under Sheriff Kratz, fired point blank into a mob of 1000 surrounding the Vanderburg county jail and attempting its capture.

From 7 o'clock in the morning until the hour of last night's catastrophe the crowd surged about the jail, calling the militiamen vile names, assailing them with stones and berating the deputy sheriffs who guarded the jail. At 9 o'clock the mob gradually became more and more excited, its manifestations of uneasiness more frequent, and at 10 o'clock it was seen that nothing could prevent an assault on the jail.

At 10:30 the rioters pressed slowly forward and innocent onlookers followed. Slowly they forced the militiamen back toward the jail until the alley between Division street and the stone building was reached. Then the leaders, with a bicycle in their front as a shield to the bayonets of the soldiers, attempted to enter the alley and storm the alleyway entrance.

Captain Blum of the National Guard ordered a charge on the rioters. Gradually the crowd was forced back, the soldiers using their bayonets and butts of guns. Suddenly a rioter fell. A soldier tried to drag him to his feet but before he could was assaulted by a rioter. Stones and boulders began to fly through the air. A soldier was struck with a rock and fell. A rioter was knocked down with a gun butt and then a shot was fired.

The one shot started a fusillade of musketry and shotgun fire from the defenders of the jail and a return fire from the rioters. Fully 300 shots were fired from the jail windows, the court house steps immediately opposite, and by the soldiers on the streets.

No one knows who fired the first shot. The soldiers claim it was the rioters, while the rioters make no claim and refuse to talk about it. The governor is said to have instructed the authorities not to jeopardize the safety of the jail with half way measures. The soldiers and deputies fired into the retreating mob of men who ran into Division street, falling, crying and praying. For 15 minutes the firing continued; then it ceased. The mob was gone and the soldiers held the place.

In front of the staggering band of 58 soldiers lay the dead and wounded. Moans and shrieks of agony and fear came from the injured. Ed Schiffman, a painter, who was seen in the first ranks of the mob during the evening, lay on the sidewalk with the top of his head blown completely off by a 45-calibre rifle bullet. A short distance from him lay two other men, both dead, and one with a bullet wound over the heart.

All over the street, crawling and moaning, wounded rioters and onlookers tried to ease their pain and escape by getting away from the jail. On Division street, lying between her grief stricken father and mother, Hazel Altman, aged 15, was dead with her breast torn away with a buckshot charge. She was out driving with her parents, who, attracted by the noise, stopped a few minutes to watch the excitement. In the yard of the court house wounded rioters lay, and back of the line of soldiers two of the militiamen had fallen.

Troops Left to Guard Jail

Evansville, Ind., July 10.—After talking with Governor Durbin over the telephone Brigadier General McKee last evening ordered all troops, excepting one company, to return home. The Vincennes company is left in charge of the jail and courthouse. The city will be left in charge of the police department. Seven funerals were held yesterday. All were conducted quietly.

End of Nicholson Strike

Lynn, Mass., July 6.—The cutters and stitchers of the George E. Nicholson shoe factory, who went out on strike last January, voted to call the strike off, as Nicholson has no longer the union stamp of the Boot and Shoe Workers' union. Satisfactory arrangements have been made by Nicholson with the K. of L. officials and the men will return to work.

Prison Ship Goes to Portsmouth

Boston, July 8.—The Southery, the only prison ship in the United States navy, has left the navy yard here in tow of two large government tugs for Portsmouth, where she is to be permanently stationed. On board the Southery are several scores of prisoners who are serving terms of various lengths for breaches of discipline.

Policy King's Conviction Stands

New York, July 8.—The appellate division of the supreme court has handed down a decision affirming the conviction of Albert J. Adams for violation of the anti-policy law.

Fell Into Thieves' Hands

Waterbury, Conn., July 10.—Isidor Opaluski, a baker, was found late last night near a resort on the Thomaston road, lying unconscious, with his hands securely tied. He was roused long enough to say that three men had robbed him. He then sank into unconsciousness and is now in a critical condition. Physicians say that he was drugged.

DEATH OF LAMOTHE

Miss Goddu's Slayer Shot Himself In Struggle With Detective

New York, July 6.—Joseph A. Lamothe, who was wanted in Winchester, Mass, on suspicion of having murdered Georgianna Goddu, died in St. Luke's hospital from the revolver shot wound in the abdomen which he received during a struggle with Detective Becker in the reception room of the hospital. From the time he was shot Lamothe sank gradually and was unconscious until a few moments before death, when he regained consciousness and asked for a priest, who was summoned and gave him the last sacrament. In reply to the questions of the priest as to his relatives, he turned his face away and was silent. A few minutes after he died.

It is said that when the injured man was being taken to the ward of the hospital, he murmured: "I want to die." After an examination the coroner's physician gave it as his opinion that Lamothe had killed himself, probably intentionally.

Lamothe, it is stated, has a brother, a clergyman, attached to St. Francis Xavier's church, Little Falls, Minn. An examination of the dead man's clothes showed that in the coat were two bullet holes. One of them evidently had been made by the bullet which killed him and the other, it is thought, might have been made by the bullet that killed Georgianna Goddu.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The town of Presque Isle, Me., voted at a special meeting to purchase $10,000 of the preferred stock of the Aroostook Valley railroad. This assures the building of the electric road to Washburn and Perham.

Thomas White, 45, was drowned while bathing in the Pawcatuck river, Westerly, R. I.

James C. Abbott, former mayor of Lowell, died at that city, aged 80. He was one of Lowell's best known citizens and lawyers. He had served in the different branches of the city government and had been a member of the state senate.

Despondent because his wife had become a permanent invalid, Benjamin J. Shepley, a watchman, committed suicide at Newport, R. I., by shooting.

John Pilling, one of the most prominent shoe manufacturers in New England, died at Haverhill, Mass., of heart trouble, aged 65 years. He had been prominent in real estate transactions and amassed a large fortune.

Claire Bakeman, 5 years old, fell into a sluiceway at Boston and was drowned.

Joseph Dalton, 10 years old, was struck and instantly killed by a train at Harbor View station, Boston.

While bathing in Mad River at Moretown, Vt., Claire Turner, aged 20, was drowned. His companion, Roy Hutchins, was unconscious when rescued, but was revived.

Claude Fuller, aged 22, was drowned while bathing at Brighton, Me.

George Martel of Chicopee, Mass., aged 18, was drowned in the Chicopee river while swimming.

Aided by pleasant and a glorious day on which to celebrate the residents of Milo, Me., observed the centennial anniversary of their town. An interesting program was carried out.

Frank A. Archer of Cherryfield, Me., aged 20, a travelling salesman for a Boston firm, was drowned at Friendship, Me., by being knocked overboard by the boom of a catboat.

By the explosion of a charge of powder in a large cannon at Avon, Mass., Elmer Lothrop, and George Pope, each aged 10, were seriously injured.

Frank Douglas, a five-year term convict, escaped from the Maine state prison and is still at large. Douglas was sentenced for breaking, entering and larceny.

Wright W. Dobson, aged 25, had just boarded an electric car at Fall River and was passing to a seat when he fell backward and struck the pavement, dying within a few moments.

The body of W. F. Partridge was found in the Merrimack river at Concord, N. H.

Linus N. Pitcher, former chief of police of Malden, Mass., died at the Malden hospital from appendicitis, having been brought to the hospital for an operation just an hour previous to his death.

Mrs. Charles Rollins committed suicide at Millville, Me. Her body was found in the hammock house in the yard of her home, a razor with which she had cut her throat, lying on the floor. Mrs. Rollins was demented.

The body of William H. Samuels was found in Foster pond, Andover, Mass. He was drowned while fishing.

While bathing at Medford, Mass., Maynard King, aged 15, was seized with cramps and drowned.

Mrs. Mary A. Dorr committed suicide at East Orland, Me., by drowning. She was mentally unbalanced.

J. T. Coughlin, aged 20, fell into the Merrimack river at Newburyport, Mass., and was drowned.

John F. Sullivan disappeared from his home at Cambridge, Mass., a week ago and his body has been found in the Charles river. He had been ill and despondent.

Walter M. Howland of Amherst has been elected treasurer of Amherst college to succeed Dr. Joseph W. Fairbanks deceased. Dr. Howland is a graduate of Amherst in the class of 1863.

Wilmot B. Jackson, 22, died at Lynn, Mass., from burns received while trying to remove a kettle of blazing fat from the stove in his father's bakery.

Henry Myers, manager of the Bijou theatre, Fall River, Mass., has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His assets consist entirely of personal property.

Patrick Leary fell over the bank of the Connecticut river at Springfield, Mass., and was drowned. He leaves a widow and six children.

Death of Old Railroad Man

Sanbornville, N. H., July 10.—John W. Sanborn, superintendent of the northern division of the Boston and Maine railroad, died here last night, aged 82, as the result of a general breakdown due to old age. For many years Mr. Sanborn was a prominent figure in the political life of New Hampshire, and he had a remarkably wide acquaintance in New England.

BRITON-YANKEE

Should Combine For Interest of World's Peace

DESIRE OF KING EDWARD

For Closer Relations Between the Two Countries—Says It Represents Sentiment of All His People—His Advisers Approve Monroe Doctrine

London, July 10.—Informally welcoming the American naval officers to England last night, King Edward took occasion to make an emphatic declaration in favor of closer relations between the United States and Great Britain. He did not speak of an alliance or even of an understanding, but the impression was clear from his remarks that he desired that the two nations move together in the interests of the peace of the world. Some of the king's ministers also took advantage of the occasion to impress on the American officers their cordial approval of the Monroe doctrine and their desire that it be supported by American influence in a way which it would place it above all criticism.

The royal welcome was extended to the American officers at Buckingham palace, where a dinner was given in their honor by King Edward. The table was decorated by Marshal Neil roses and gold plate brought from Windsor was used. The king commanded the most distinguished officials of the empire to attend and 36 guests were present. On the king's right sat Ambassador Choate and on his left Rear Admiral Cotton.

The king was dressed in the uniform of an admiral of the British fleet. On the conclusion of the dinner in a tactful speech, he expressed gratification at the acceptance of his invitation and cordially welcomed Rear Admiral Cotton and his squadron to England. He asserted that what he said represented the sentiment not only of himself, but of the whole British people, and he proposed a toast to President Roosevelt, for whom, he said, he "entertained the highest consideration and admiration."

Ambassador Choate responded and in an eloquent speech echoed the wish of the king for the maintenance and promotion of more cordial relations between the two great English-speaking nations.

The king further emphasized his gratification by writing at the table a message to President Roosevelt, in which he stated that it had given him the greatest pleasure to welcome the American squadron.

King Edward's cordiality made a great impression on the American officers, who left the function convinced of the desire on the part of Great Britain to maintain the closest relations with the American republic.

Slasher Held In $10,000 Bail

Boston, July 7.—Albert Jackson, the negro who slashed Patrolman Michael J. Sullivan with a knife when the latter attempted to arrest him for having insulted white women, was arraigned here and held in $10,000 for the grand jury. The charge was assault with a dangerous weapon on a policeman. Policeman Sullivan is thought to have chances to recover.

Sunday Play For Recreation

Medford, Mass., July 9.—The agitation against the playing of Sunday golf at the Medford Golf club has resulted in a special meeting of the club at which it was voted to amend its bylaws so as to prohibit the playing of matches between the members on the Lord's day. The members, however, may play the game for recreation.

Handled Gun Carelessly

St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 6.—Mrs. Gammell, the wife of a West Danville farmer, was accidentally shot by her brother-in-law. He was examining a gun that he did not know was loaded and it was discharged, blowing Mrs. Gammell's foot to pieces. The limb was amputated at the knee and the woman's condition is critical.

Lockout May Be a Long One

Barre, Vt., July 9.—The terms offered by the granite manufacturers to the cutters who were locked out have been rejected by the cutters. The manufacturers may prolong the lockout for several weeks, as they are said to be indifferent regarding a settlement. More than 3000 quarrymen and cutters are now idle.

Jury Declares Clay Insane

Lexington, Ky., July 9.—General Cassius M. Clay has been pronounced by a jury at Richmond to be of unsound mind. He will be sent to an asylum, this action being taken to protect his property. The aged man was not in court. Physicians testified as to his mental condition.

Longer Mast For Shamrock III

New York, July 10.—The big steel pole mast of Shamrock III has been lifted out of her and the mate to it, but 3½ feet taller, was stepped in its place. The new spar was one she had used in her early trials at Weymouth, Eng., and will give an opportunity for greater sail spread.

Precious Cargo From Klondike

Seattle, July 8.—Steamer Dolphin has arrived in port with $578,000 of Klondike gold aboard. The amount is the largest brought down by any vessel during the present season. The gold was consigned to the local assay office from the Dawson banks.

Cotton Brokers Forced to the Wall

Boston, July 7.—An involuntary petition in bankruptcy was filed here against Frederic M. Tucker and Tracy M. Tucker, transacting a banking and brokerage business as F. M. Tucker & Co. The firm dealt largely in cotton and in the recent market operations was forced to make an assignment for the benefit of creditors.

NEWPORT TRUST CO.

CAPITAL PAID IN - - - - 300,000 00
SURPLUS - - - - - - 120,000 00

DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW BUILDING, OUR BANKING ROOM WILL BE AT 10 FRANKLIN STREET. BRANCH OFFICE 184 BELLEVUE AVENUE.

A general Banking and Trust business will be conducted.
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Every facility and accommodation consistent with conservative banking will be extended to our customers.
Correspondence and interviews invited.

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NEW 30c. COFFEE,

EQUALITY PARK BLEND,

I WILL GIVE, FOR A LIMITED TIME,

TEN TRADING STAMPS.

We have some very nice MAPLE SUGAR in cakes.

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The Leading
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OUTING HATS,
In Straw and Duck
A Popular Feature.

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GOLD LETTERING,
RELIANCE
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Special Announcement.

We beg to announce that through an arrangement with the wholesale houses, we are in a position to give our customers better value for their money than ever before. Purchasers will do well to call and see our large stock before purchasing anything in the housefurnishing line.

Yours respectfully,
W. C. COZZENS & CO.,
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I WANT A FEW GOOD SALESMEN who call on the cigar trade throughout the New England States to introduce the "HEBIS" CIGARETTE (the finest cigarette ever made).
ROBERT APPLETON, JR.,
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SHOE STORE, 186 Thames St.

Has the most up-to-date REPAIRING & RENOVATING SHOP in the city.
M. S. HOLM.

Tickets and Drafts on the Old Country For Sale.
2-8

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Chairs Reseated.

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1 ELM STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street.
E. W. PEARCE.

LODGE ROOMS OR SOCIETY ROOMS

TO LET IN THE MERCURY BUILDING, 182 and 184 Thames St.

HANDSOME LARGE HALL, well furnished for Lodge purposes with either two or three ante-rooms as may be desired.

MEDICAL JOURNAL

Desires a Representative in this Locality
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For Rent.

Good rooms in the MERCURY Building, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given on April 1st.
Enquire at the
MERCURY OFFICE.

All cases of weak and lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

HIS JUST REWARD

....By PETER M'ARTHUR

Copyright, 1902, by Peter M'Arthur

BOZRAH could hardly be described as a deserted village because it had never been frequented. It consisted of one store and a station house on an inexcusable railroad that had been built during the railroad craze of a generation ago.

The 7 o'clock express was pulling away from the station and plunging into the darkness of an approaching thunderstorm. Sam McDonald, the storekeeper, who was also postmaster and express agent, was standing in his doorway looking at the slaty curtain of rain that was rising across the sky under a fleecy arch of wind cloud. Every moment the lightning was becoming more vivid and the thunder claps sounded nearer. He was on the point of retreating into the store when the station master called to him through the windy tumult:

"Hey, Sam! Here's an express parcel!"

"Lock it up in the freight room for the night!" he called back.

"But this has a special order with it, and it's insured," said the station master, coming toward the store at a run through the first heavy drops of the storm.

"The order says that it is to be delivered tonight," he continued as they both got under shelter. And he handed a little parcel to McDonald.

"Orders or no orders, it isn't going to be delivered in a storm like this," McDonald growled. Then he lit a lamp, for the darkness of midnight had come with the storm.

"Well, it's no funeral of mine," said the station agent. "You have the parcel, and it's your business to look after it."

In the meantime McDonald looked at the address and suddenly stood bolt upright. After a brief pause he put the parcel in his pocket and started toward the back door which led to the stable.

"Where are you going?" asked the station agent in surprise.

"To deliver this parcel!" McDonald called back with a savage laugh as he buttoned his coat and plunged out into the beating rain. A few minutes later the station agent heard McDonald speaking fiercely to his horse as he mounted in the stable yard and then for a few moments heard the splashing of its feet as it galloped away.

McDonald could see the road only in glimpses when there was a blaze of lightning. His frightened horse was constantly stopping, as if overwhelmed by the rain, but still the rider leaned against the storm and rode forward. The storm in his heart was so fierce that the tumult of the elements almost soothed him. Olive Lucas would have her birthday present even if he died in the attempt to deliver it.

It was a strange fate that made McDonald in his capacity of postmaster and express agent a go between for the scornful Olive and his rival. Letters

THE CURRENT BORE THE RAFT TOWARD THE LUCAS HOUSE.

had been passing between her and Harry Lawson with ever increasing rapidity, and he knew that the little parcel he was carrying was undoubtedly a love token for her birthday on the following day.

Olive Lucas was the only daughter of a farmer living on the rich flats of the Spadina river. As it frequently fell to her lot to go to the post office for the weekly paper and the family mail and also to do a large part of the family shopping, the taciturn young storekeeper saw a great deal of her and learned to love her with all the intensity of his repressed nature. The natural result of this propinquity was to waken a responsive feeling in Olive, so that when McDonald declared his heart with sullen vehemence she consented to be his wife, but being young, she insisted on a year's delay before their marriage, and during that year she learned many things about her lover that she had not previously suspected. He was a man whose nature had not been softened by the fierce struggles of his early life. Instead of broadening him adversity had made him narrow and suspicious, and as soon as he considered he had the right to dictate to her he developed into a jealous tyrant. [illegible] all the letters she wrote and received and practically established a censorship over her mail. His was a love that demanded sacrifices rather than made them, and Olive was beginning to realize her mistake when Harry Lawson, an old playmate who had gone to Chicago some years ago, returned for a holiday. He was so delighted to find his little tomboy friend developed into a demure but lively beauty that he promptly lost his heart to her, and she reciprocated his affection.

A couple of days after Lawson had returned to the city a letter from him arrived at the post office addressed to Olive. McDonald recognized the handwriting and was unusually surly as he delivered the missive. Olive noticed his anger and knew its cause and received the letter with a defiant toss of her head. The result was a bitter quarrel and the end of their engagement. Next day she posted a letter to Lawson, and from that time on their correspondence was fast and furious.

If he had dared, McDonald would have destroyed the letters; but, with all his faults, his sense of duty was too keen to allow him to commit such a wrong. But to be obliged to take a love token from his rival to Olive instead of merely handing it out at the office was simply maddening.

As he neared the river flats where Olive lived the storm was rolling away to the east, and the moon in her first quarter was casting a faint light through the broken clouds. A short distance from the river bank his horse stopped suddenly and stated before him. McDonald raised his head and peered sullenly into the semidarkness. The little valley through which the Spadina wound was in reality the channel it had originally cut for itself through the plateau which it drained. As McDonald looked at it this valley appeared to be filled with a gray fog. While he was wondering vaguely at the unusual occurrence he became conscious of a dull continuous roar and realized that what he saw gleaming before him was not mist, but water. The little river was flooded and was once more filling its ancient channel. He then remembered that all the previous night and previous day there had been an unceasing series of thunderstorms sweeping across the north, where lay the sources of the river.

Owing to the improved drainage system the rainfall had all poured into the river at once, and the result was a flood as sudden and overwhelming as comes with the breaking of a mighty dam. As he looked at the flood of water he knew that the Lucas house on the river flats must at least be surrounded by water. Urging his horse to a gallop, he reached the river bank and found there a group of farmers who were looking out on the scene of destruction. By the dim moonlight and flashes of lightning that were still vivid they could see all kinds of wreckage floating in the boiling torrent. The Lucas home was already submerged to the second story, and Olive and her parents could be seen huddled on the roof awaiting a rescue that seemed impossible. The few boats owned by the farmers had been swept away by the waves that had rushed down the valley. The water had risen ten feet in as many minutes and was still rising. When McDonald realized the situation he was conscious of a fierce feeling of exultation. This new difficulty would only serve to make his martyrdom more complete, and Olive would get her gift from his rival with a greater sacrifice on his part. He felt that it would be a glorious revenge.

Having been a raftsman on the lakes in his youth, the stormiest water had no terrors for him, and he began to cast about for some means of reaching those who were in such deadly peril. He remembered that the farmer whose barn stood a few rods away had a tank wagon box that was used to carry water to the thrashing machine engine. It was made water tight, and, as it could keep water in, it could also, if closed, keep water out. It would make an excellent float for a raft.

Calling on the men who were standing on the river bank to come and help him, he ran to the barn, telling them on the way what he wished to do. Willing hands carried the tank to the edge of the water, and others lifted one of the wide barn doors from its hinges. This door they spiked securely on the top of the tank, and with a few strokes of an ax McDonald made a rude oar from a plank. This oar he fastened to the end of the raft with a rope, and, taking with him the lantern with which the farmer had been lighting him at his work, he got aboard his strange craft and was pushed out into the stream. With his heavy oar, which he used chiefly as a rudder, he worked his raft out into the current, which bore it toward the Lucas house. Mr. Lucas also had a lantern, and as he saw that rescue was coming he waved it frantically. Calculating his direction to a nicety and fighting the unfamiliar currents with the skill of a raftsman and the strength of a giant, McDonald forced the angry water to drive him straight toward his destination. The raft struck the house squarely, and as it did the building yielded perceptibly and tottered to its foundation. Realizing the danger, Lucas grasped Olive and hurled her forward upon the barn door, where McDonald, who had forsaken his oar for a moment, caught her and laid her in safety. As Lucas followed with his wife in his arms the roof seemed to slip from under him. A moment later they were all sweeping forward over the spot where the house had stood and a mass of wreckage was plunging and tossing in the current ahead of them. As soon as they had trimmed their raft so that there was no danger of its upsetting McDonald again took the rudder and tried to steer for the shore, but they had been caught in the current that was rushing like a mill race and were being tossed like a cork. Seeing that his wife and daughter were safe, Lucas picked up the lantern that had remained lighted through all the turmoil and held it up so that he could see the face of his rescuer.

"It's Sam McDonald!" he shouted to his wife and daughter over the roar of the waters.

"You have saved our lives, God bless you! You were not a minute too soon."

As Olive heard the name of [illegible]ence a sudden pain clutched her heart, and she remembered, as one who was drowning might, all that she had ever done to pain him. From time to time he was silhouetted against the sky by the receding lightning flashes, and in

"YOU DID IT NEITHER FOR LOVE NOR THROUGH HUMANITY."

those sudden glimpses his stern face seemed almost heroic. As she watched him tugging at the oar she realized as she never had before the force of the man. Even in their terrible predicament she felt a sense of security that gave her leisure to doubt if she had really understood him and treated him right. Try as she might, she could not imagine her soft spoken and white handed favored lover facing such danger for her sake and showing himself so sternly masterful. Of course the time was not one in which to decide the future, but she felt an overpowering longing to at least beg her rescuer's pardon and thank him even with caresses for having saved her life and the lives of her parents.

In the meantime McDonald continued the terrible battle with the flood, but not until a bend in the river was reached was it possible for him to swing the raft out of the current into an eddy and guide it to the shore. When it finally touched land he plunged into the water and pushed the raft securely aground. As they all scrambled on to the land they began to overwhelm him with their thanks, but all he said in reply was:

"I simply did my duty. An express parcel came tonight for Miss Olive, with orders for it to be delivered at once, and now I can deliver it."

As he said this he handed the girl the little package. She detected the note of cruel exultation in his voice, though her parents did not, and she took the parcel from his hand mechanically without speaking a word. At this point a couple of farmers who had been watching the flood and had seen them land with their lantern came running up. After congratulating them on their rescue they insisted that they should go up to the farmhouse and get dry clothes. Although McDonald's errand was performed and he knew that the right thing for him to do was to return to his home, he could not resist the temptation to enjoy his triumph even further; so he yielded to the importunities of the farmers and accompanied them. While Olive was changing her dress in the spare bedroom she looked at the parcel that McDonald had brought so heroically and yet so ungraciously. Then she tore it open. When she saw what it contained she was thrilled with a pleasure that made her forget her recent danger and doubts and decided her as to what she should do. Returning to the general room of the house she found McDonald standing apart from the others and noticed instantly the flash of bitter triumph in his eyes as he looked at her. Walking directly up to him, she spoke quietly, so the others could not hear:

"You have saved our lives, and for that we can never cease to be grateful, but you did it neither for love nor through humanity, but for hate and spite, and for that you shall have your reward."

Raising her hand, she showed him that it contained a diamond engagement ring, and, looking him fairly in the eyes with a level glance that told him that she would rather be lying at the bottom of the river than to have received her life at his hands when he had saved it in such a spirit, she slipped the ring on her finger and turned away from him.

W—10

Cues As Life Preservers.

The fashion of wearing the hair in a cue commenced to wane in the latter part of the seventeenth century. As we think now of those queer pigtail appendages it seldom occurs to us that they could have been of any use except as an index to human folly. It appears, however, that occasionally they were a very important part of a gentleman's person, as may be inferred from the following complaint published in England at the time the fashionables commenced to cut their hair:

"The bathers of Brighton complain bitterly of the trouble they have in pulling young gentlemen out of the sea since they have cut off their cues. Till one of these docked fashionables is drowned from this circumstance the rage for cropping will not die out."

Encouraging the Horses.

A clergyman who spent many years in missionary work in the west says that he had occasion one day to ride in a full stagecoach up a steep hill. The driver where the ascent was sheerest got out and walked, and as he walked he would frequently open the door of the coach and then shut it again with a slam. This the passengers found annoying.

"Look here, driver!" one of them said. "Why do you kick up such an infernal noise with that door?"

"To hearten up my horses," the driver answered. "Every time they hear this door close they think that one of you, taking pity on them, has got out, and that makes them imagine that their load is lighter."

Fishhooks.

Practically all the best fishhooks in the world—and nearly so of all qualities—are made at Redditch, England. The annual output is probably 500,000,000 hooks, about 10,000,000 per week, ranging in size from enormous and ferocious looking shark hooks to the tiniest hooks for very small trout flies, with a "bend" diameter of about one-sixteenth of an inch, a thousand of which will not more than fill a good sized thimble. The price varies as much as the size, ranging from a few pence to two or three pounds per thousand.

No Violence.

Jolkley—I submitted some humorous sketches here several days ago. They haven't appeared. Did you kill them?

Editor—I passed upon them, but I don't think that killed them.

Jolkley—No?

Editor—No; I think they just died naturally of old age.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Affecting.

"My plea," said the young lawyer who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge. "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted in spite of his innocence."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Guess.

"Where were they married?"

"I ain't jest sure," answered the small boy, "'cause they left me home, but I guess it was in the steeple."

"In the steeple?"

"Well, I heard 'em say it was a high church wedding."—Chicago Post.

Farmers & Gardeners

Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. This talk about local grown seed not being good has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this Island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are of the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here, the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.!

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

Steamers [illegible] and [illegible] week days. Steamer [illegible] Sundays. A fine orchestra on each.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 9.15 p. m.; Sundays 10 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays at 5.30 p. m., due at Newport 2.45 a. m., leaving there at 3.45 a. m., for Fall River.

FARE—New York to Newport direct or via steamer to Fall River thence rail, [illegible].

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent; also at office of Newport Transfer Company, Jamestown, R. I.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
O. H. TAYLOR, General Pass'r Agent, N. Y.

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1903. Subject to change without notice.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Prov. ar	8 50	11 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston ar	10 15	1 12	4 30	7 00	11 00	[illegible]
N. York ar	1 [illegible]	4 [illegible]	8 00	11 00	[illegible]	7 [illegible]
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.

Leave

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
New York 12 02			[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Providence		8 [illegible]	11 12	2 10	4 10	8 21
Newport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sunday.

‖Washington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, [illegible] a. m.; Philadelphia [illegible] a. m.; Baltimore, [illegible] a. m.; Washington, 10.52 a. m.

For Tickets and Drawing Room chairs apply at Steamer General [illegible] Commercial Wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, at Bellevue avenue.

A. D. MACLEOD, Agent, Newport.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after June 11, 1903, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. Return [illegible]. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. BRADFORD and CORY'S LANE (flag stop), [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. MIDDLEBORO, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. HYANNIS, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. PROVINCETOWN, [illegible] a. m., [illegible] p. m. PLYMOUTH, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. NEW BEDFORD, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m. and [illegible] p. m. CAPE COD CITY, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. PROVIDENCE, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. Return [illegible] p. m. For PROVIDENCE, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. For BRADFORD and CORY'S LANE, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m. New Bedford, [illegible] 11.00 a. m., [illegible] p. m.

a Also from Fall River.
b [illegible] only.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Boston.
C. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Sup't., Boston.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

"Newport & Fall River Division."

TIME TABLE.

In effect on and after June 1st, 1903.

WEEK DAYS.

LEAVE NEWPORT—7.15, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, b9.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

LEAVE FALL RIVER—a6.45, 6.45, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, b9.15, b10.45, b11.15 p. m.

a To Portsmouth and return.
b To Portsmouth only.

Sundays and Holidays cars will be run more frequently.

Sundays and Holidays through cars to Fall River every half hour from 7.30 a. m. to 9.30 p. m.

Subject to change without notice.

Flagg's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

Gray Enameled Ware Prices.

10	Quart Dish Pan	55c.
2	Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c.
1	Quart Sauce Pans	15c.
2	Quart Sauce Pans	18c.
2½	Quart Sauce Pans	20c.
3	Quart Sauce Pans	25c.
3½	Quart Sauce Pans	30c.
1½	Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
2	Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
½	Quart Preserving Kettles	30c.
1	Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
2	Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
1½	Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
3	Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
3½	Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
9	Inch Pie Plates	10c.
8	Quart Coffee Pots	60c.
2	Quart Tea Pots	50c.
5	Quart Tea Kettle	55c.
	Wash Basins	20c.
	Drinking Cups	10c.

The above goods are all guaranteed, and the Best Enameled Ware in the market.

Now Ready.

The Many Adventures of FOXY GRANDPA

Including all the merry pictures contained in the two volumes, entitled "Adventures of Foxy Grandpa" and "Further Adventures of Foxy Grandpa."

Mr. Schultze said to me one day at lunch: "What do you think of a series of comic drawings dealing with a grandfather and his two grandsons?"

"Let the grandfather be the clever one of the trio. In most of the other cases the young folk have been smarter than the old people upon whom they played their jokes. Let's reverse it."

The next morning he came to my office with sketches for half a dozen series, and with the name "Foxy Grandpa" in his head. The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Bunny"?

The jolly old gentleman, dear to grown people as well as children, might almost be called the Mr. Pickwick of comic pictures.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

To Grandfathers Who Are And
To Those Who Are To Be,
I Merrily Dedicate This Book.

"BUNNY."

Sent postage paid on receipt of ONE DOLLAR in currency or postal order, no checks received.

L. R. HAMERSLY CO., 49 Wall St., N. Y.
[illegible]

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

[illegible]

Do YOUR CHILDREN ASK QUESTIONS?

Of course they do. It is their way of learning and it is your duty to answer. You may need a dictionary to aid you. It won't answer every question, but there are thousands to which it will give you true, clear and definite answers, not about words only, but about things, the sun, machinery, men, places, stories and the like. Then, too, the children can find their own answers. Some of our greatest men have ascribed their power to study of the dictionary.

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New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET Co.,

17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

Sold by all Druggists.

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Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates given on any kind of Carting.

[illegible] PRINCIPAL OFFICE, Bellevue Avenue. BRANCH OFFICES, [illegible] Telephone [illegible]

"Man and Mule."

(At the old maids' convention held in Rochester, N. Y., Miss Cynthia Scott read a paper on "More Men." In conclusion, she said that man is no more of an absolute necessity than the mule.)

The mule—he is a gentle beast;
And so is man.
He's satisfied to be the least;
And so is man.
Like man he may be taught some tricks;
He does his work from 8 to 6;
The mule—when he gets mad he kicks;
And so does man.

The mule—he has a load to pull;
And so has man.
He's happiest when he is full;
And so is man.
Like man he holds a patient poise,
And when his work's done will rejoice,
The mule—he likes to hear his voice;
And so does man.

The mule—he has his faults, 'tis true;
And so has man.
He does some things he should not do;
And so does man.
Like man he doesn't yearn for style,
But wants contentment all the while,
The mule—he has a lovely smile;
And so has man.

The mule is sometimes kind and good;
And so is man;
He eats all kinds of breakfast food;
And so does man.
Like man he balks at gaudy dress
And all outlandish foolishness.
The mule's accused of mulishness;
And so is man.

Partial History of the Drag Plow

Eighty years ago this summer the strife began between the wood and cast-metal plow. In 1822, an inventor in Hartford, Ct., made the first cast plow bottom ever made. Before that the best plows made were of wood, with straight plate or strips of iron to protect parts most exposed. Eighty years ago the wood plow bottom was the highest state of the art.

Nearly all the plows of that day and before were simply crooked sticks, a natural crook picked up in the woods, with a little metal protection. For that reason, from the beginning of time, there was little or no chance of intense cultivation. The best harrow was a few iron spikes; the best hoes were nearly as poor. At that time and long before and forever afterwards there will be plenty of kickers against changes of improvements, so that when Joel Nourse took an ox team in 1825 and carted from Hartford to Worcester three hundred cast-iron plow bottoms it was nothing strange that the kickers said that it will be the end of Joel Nourse, but later on he was the head and front of the Ames Plow Company, making many millions of similar plows and shipping them to every quarter of the globe. They also followed the trail of the Hon. John C. Fremont across the continent, and he constructed the first railroad, the Union Pacific Railroad, to connect the two oceans.

From 1825 on for many years there was a continued strife between Nourse and Horton to perfect the cast-iron and steel-bottom drag plow. In 1825, or about that time, there were but two great leaders in the world in the construction of metal plows. Joel Nourse was one of them, born in Massachusetts. He was head and front of the Ames Plow Company, located in Worcester. He was drowned off Sachems Head, while in transit on a steamer from Boston, South, about ten years ago. Frost Horton, born in New York, located at Peekskill, later on was in the New York Plow Company. These associates, after getting the start from the Hartford inventor, kept on changing the forms to improve these plow bottoms, making them turn stubble, fallow and sod land to suit the idea or whim of different sections or individual conditions, also making them to turn the furrow wide or narrow, shallow or deep, or otherwise. These two men kept on until they perfected each nearly five hundred different kinds and sizes, etc., to suit the demands of consumers.

So much for the right and left-hand plow. In the meantime came Augustus Sanborn, who made and improved the first reversible drag plow bottoms up to date. All these were the creators, the men who made it possible for others to follow, to push on to the intense cultivation of today, adopted by the Hon. J. H. Hale, Mortimer Whitehead, F. H. Dow, S. T. Earle and thousands of others who have adopted intense cultivation, including Hon. George M. Clarke, Higganum, Ct., the grass grower and intense cultivator of the soil.

The Burro in the East.

Although there is little use for the burro in the eastern part of the country, it once became a fad in New York for the children of rich parents to own white burros as pets. They hitched them to carts and miniature vehicles, and for a time the burro became very popular. Carloads of them were shipped to the eastern markets and sold for as much as $150 and $200. Only white burros brought this price, however. It was not fashionable to own one of another color. But with Shetland ponies available, this fad could not last long. The ponies presented a so much neater and prettier appearance that even the children tired of burros.

Saved by the Soloist.

An old lady who at the best was certainly not very musical attended church one morning a little while ago. During the service an anthem was sung by the choir, during which a certain Mr. Wood rendered a solo. When returning home, the old lady remarked to a friend:

"Dear, dear! What a mess they made of that anthem to be sure. Why if it had not been for Mr. Wood they would have broken down entirely in one part."—London Standard.

Plain Talk.

"Shave," said the crusty patron, laconically.

"Close?" inquired the barber.

"No, I'm not close, but I'm not in the habit of giving tips, if that's what you are driving at."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, have you anything to say?" asked the judge.

The little man on the witness stand looked around the court rather fearfully.

"That depends," he answered at last. "Is my wife in the room?"—New York Herald.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

"Doesn't that sunset scene strike you as being decidedly mediocre?" asked the amateur.

"Er—no," said Mr. Gaswell, examining the painting critically. "It looks to me as if it was all yellow ochre."—Chicago Tribune.

If Baby is Fat, Beware.

"Of course fat babies are not necessarily healthy babies!"

The depreciator of infant obesity above quoted is visiting physician for two of the city's largest asylums for sick children, and was recently discussing the Lancet's objection quoted in the Bulletin to the award of medals in prize baby contests to the fattest babies as a matter of course.

"You might almost as well award the prize of healthy men contests to the fat," he went on. "We have fat babies in both my hospitals and lots of 'em. As a matter of fact, whenever I see a fat man I says 'Alcoholic,' and in the same way when I see a fat baby, I say, 'patent-baby-food-ic.' The havoc wrought by rum in adult life is hardly a bit greater than that wrought among infants by the different lacteal atrocities forced upon their unprotected stomachs.

"I don't mean to say that fat babies are never healthy, of course. But fatness in babies is merely incidental. It's the color of the skin and strength of bone that's the real criterion. Fat is the easiest thing in the world to produce and the most uncertainly beneficial. I have a case right now of a baby whose misguided mother saw a patent milk advertisement in a street car a few months ago. The baby is now a year old, is round as a butterball and is dying of bowel trouble. If the weather were colder, it would undoubtedly have pneumonia instead."

Here the doctor hauled a "sample" package, revealed a tin can concerning the contents of which as an infant fattener the label was lurid with adjectives, and took a couple of tastes.

"Starchy, cane-sugar, no real fat," he spluttered in disgust. "A baby brought up on that would be all flabbiness, no bone, and a sufferer from rickets before the year was out. You can always tell a patent-fed prize winner by its greasy overfed pallor."

Another person in authority who objects to fatness as a criterion of healthy babyhood is the superintendent of the Nursery and Child's Hospital in Lexington avenue. No patent fatteners are fed to the patients under her guardianship. Modified milk for them. In her office are photographs of fat babies galore each with its pathetic history. She keeps weight charts of her patients. A normal baby, she says, should come into the world at seven pounds, should lose a few ounces the first week or so, and should go up to just twenty pounds within a year—the rate of increase being a little greater during the first six months than after.

Leading the Procession.

A Washington grande dame recently accepted an invitation to visit a young kinsman, an army officer stationed at a remote post in the West. The Washington Post describes the lady as a woman who likes to improve her mind; but she is also a woman of much personal dignity, with a regal carriage, and an air of sweeping all before her. She considers it a duty to investigate every new phase of life which she sees, and on arrival at the army post wanted to see everything of interest.

One day, while her host and hostess were out of the house, she strolled down to the corral, to look over the army mules. There seemed to be nobody in sight, so she went in among the animals and examined and petted them.

Now it happened that on this occasion she wore a dress of very light color; and as the army mules are accustomed to be led by the whitest animal among them, the unfurled white parasol of the visitor, with her light dress, awakened their quick interest. As she left the corral she heard the steps of something following her. She glanced back. A mule was stepping quietly along close behind, and all the rest of the mules were falling into line back of him.

The woman was not afraid. She regards fear as a thing quite beneath her dignity; but she was startled and increased her pace. The mule behind her increased his pace also, and marched steadily along with his nose just touching the back of the white parasol.

The occupants of the long row of officers' houses were presently astonished to see the most dignified of women coming up the avenue, at a gait which was a compromise between her dignity and the desire to run, with a string of mules behind her, the head of each just touching the tail of the one in front of him.

It was then that an unprincipled young woman took a series of "snap shots." Madam's steps exceeded the prescribed army stride by about two feet, and her air of dignity was decidedly "on sidewise." The photographer declares that there were twenty-five mules in the procession.

Eggs Boiled in Imitation Eggs.

"It is strange," said the man in the restaurant, after sending back the eggs which had been boiled too hard to suit him, "how far behind some places New York really is. For instance, fifteen years ago, in a little town in California, I saw them served as I never saw them served before or since.

"Out in the kitchen the cook had a number of hollow imitation eggs of thin porcelain of varying sizes. An order of three eggs, three minutes boiled, coming in, he unscrewed the upper half of one of the porcelain eggs, broke three eggs into it, screwed on the top again and dropped the outfit into boiling water. At the proper time he scooped it out again, dried it, and it was served to the customer in a specially made silver stand.

"You unscrew the top, and there are your eggs. If they are not done enough you screw on the top again and send the porcelain back for more boiling. If boiled too hard, you get others. The first are unspoiled, all they need is reheating for a man who likes them that way. By this system you get no bad eggs, and you do get good ones, cooked exactly as you like them, and served in the neatest, most appetizing and least troublesome way ever devised." —N. Y. Sun.

Narrowly Escaped,

"Ther' hain't no use in ye tellin' me you're one o' them Kansas sufferers," grunted Tuffold Knutt.

"Well, I would 'a' been ef I hadn't lit out o' Kansas mighty suddent," said Eaton Jogalong, the newcomer. "They was about to run me in fur a harvest hand."—Chicago Tribune.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Splendidly," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "She can go to a classical concert and tell exactly where to applaud without watching the rest of the audience." —Washington Star.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Clever Escape.

Prince Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., effected his escape from Ham in 1846 in a singular manner. He was imprisoned for his attempts against the French government, made at Boulogne in 1840. At 7 o'clock one morning the prince, having shaved his mustache and thrown a blouse and workingman's trousers over his own clothes and wearing wooden shoes, quietly walked out of the prison, carrying a bookshelf over his shoulder to complete his disguise. He was taken to be one of the painters then at work in the prison and was passed by several persons. A carriage was waiting in the neighborhood, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he was at Valenciennes, where he took a train to Brussels, and he arrived in London two days later. Meanwhile in the prison Dr. Conneau, the prince's physician, had placed a dummy in the prince's bed and told the governor that the prince was confined to his room by illness. This satisfied the governor until 7 o'clock in the evening, when he insisted on seeing the prince and discovered the fraud. By this time, of course, the prince was over the frontier. Dr. Conneau got off with three months of prison. Within thirty-one months Prince Napoleon was the first president of a French republic, supplanting King Louis Philippe, who had abdicated.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Rats and Their Food.

The capacity of rats for discovering fresh stores of food is astounding and often leads to those united migratory movements that periodically create alarm and are described as "plagues of rats." These great movements are undoubtedly initiated and "personally conducted" by old and experienced rats, the aldermen of the colony, at once a proof of highly developed intelligence and unselfishness. Rats in large centers of industry, if not present in commercial plague form, do a great deal of good as consumers of garbage that would otherwise become a perilous nuisance. It is also a popular delusion that a rat bite is unusually dangerous from this fact of sewer garbage eating. On the contrary, rats cut as clean as a new lancet.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Ellen Terry's Toe.

When Ellen Terry was a little girl about ten years old she played Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and had to make her appearance through the stage floor on a trapdoor. The trapdoor was shut too soon, and one of the child's feet was caught. She screamed with pain, and Mrs. Charles Kean whispered to her: "Be a brave girl, Nellie. Finish your part, and you shall play Arthur in 'King John.'" The trapdoor by this time was opened, but the child's toe was broken. She, however, pluckily pulled herself together and finished her speech.

Two Sad Men.

First Fisherman—Why do you come to this lonely place to fish?

Second Fisherman (sadly)—Because I like solitude and silence. I am a widower. And you?

First Fisherman—Because I, too, like solitude and silence.

Second Fisherman—Ah, you also are a widower?

First Fisherman (more sadly)—Not yet.

As Rare as Curious.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jorgson, as she closed the book she had been reading, "do you know what is the most curious thing in the world?"

"Of course I do," replied the brutal half of the combination. "The most curious thing in the world is a woman that isn't curious."—Stray Stories.

Got Rid of Him Quickly.

"Well, I got rid of that life insurance agent in short order," savagely remarked Mr. Higgsworthy.

"You didn't insult him, did you?" asked his wife.

"Insult him? No! I gave him my application for a policy, blame him!"—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew It.

"The longer I live," sighed the sage, "and the more I learn the more firmly am I convinced that I know absolutely nothing!"

"I could have told you that twenty-five years ago," said his wife, "but I knew it would be of no use."—London Answers.

Unappreciative Wretch.

"What did your wife say when you came home so late?"

"I really don't know. I can just remember that I woke up three times, and she was still talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If men were relatively as strong as brutes they could juggle with weights of several tons.

Knew Braggsby.

Braggsby—I tell you the current issue of the Purple Peony is a swell one from a literary standpoint.

Waggsby—That so? What is the name of your contribution?—Baltimore American.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

Women's Dep't.

The Inconsistencies of Some People.

BY CAPTAIN W. DEWITT WALLACE.

There are many people to whom it has never seemed to occur that our political system, if carried to its logical results and justly applied would place the ballot in the hands of every woman in the land. And why not? They constitute a majority of our people. They are subject to the laws; they pay taxes; they are as intelligent and patriotic as the men; and vastly more conscientious. If I were asked, who are the most inconsistent men and women, I would, without a moment's hesitation, answer, "The opponents of Woman Suffrage."

Think of it! They proclaim that man and women have different natures and yet maintain that man can represent woman better than woman can represent herself; they admit that woman possesses intelligence and mental endowments equal to man, and yet maintain that she lacks business and political sense; they protest that virtue is the most essential qualification of the citizen voter, and yet maintain that woman, who possesses this qualification in the highest degree, should be excluded from the polls.

They admit to the ballot box the worst elements of society, and yet maintain that the best elements should be excluded from it; they believe that nature established the home, and yet maintain that a legislative enactment giving the ballot to women, will tear it down; they concede that woman is the best sculptor of human character, the grandest teacher of the citizen voter and yet maintain that the product wrought is everything, the artist nothing,—the pupil a king, the teacher a slave; they assert that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and yet maintain that governments should be established and laws enacted with the consent of less than one-half the people; they declare that taxation of man without representation is tyranny, but that taxation of woman without representation is a blessing; they trust the Negro, the Chinaman, the Irishman, the Indian, the German, the Hottentot and the South-Sea Islander, if these choose to come to our shores, but they refuse to trust their own wives and mothers.

They fear that, if the latter should breathe the pure air of political freedom, it would poison their moral lungs; they fear that the flower of modesty, though watered by the dews of liberty, would wither in the sunshine of freedom; they fear that the cords of affection, which break not at the drunkard's strain, will snap asunder at the first touch of political difference; they fear that the love of the mother for her child, which, as in the case of Ben Hur's mother, chooses for herself misery and death, to save her offspring, will be swallowed up in the love of politics; in one word, they fear that woman is, by nature, unfitted for freedom.

I set my foot upon this doctrine, and I declare that freedom—freedom intellectual, freedom moral, freedom civil, freedom political—is as truly the natural possession of woman as it is of man, and that it is as necessary to her highest and best development as it is to his.

After all, is it not true, in spite of our principles, that our boasted Republic is, practically, but the government of a class, for a class, and by a class? But the times are auspicious. The world moves; and mark my words, the day is not far distant, when our wives and daughters shall walk with us to the the polls, as they now go with us to political meetings and Fourth of July celebrations.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, in a simple way and without any ceremonies, last week transferred the entire control of an endowment of more than $30,000,000 to the board of trustees of the Leland Stanford University. The Board becomes a self-perpetuating body. The trustees, in compliment to her, will elect her their president, but the whole control of the fund will rest with them. They will press the construction work on the college buildings, and especially on the gymnasium, which when completed will be the finest in the country. Mrs. Stanford, it is said, has shown business ability of a high order in settling the many problems that came up in the last ten years, and she sees the entire endowment transferred with no claims upon it.

For Over Sixty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Their Reputations.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that people's characters are made by what they eat?"

"No," answered the scientist. "But, judging from the advertisements, I should say that in many cases their reputations are made by the medicines they take."—Washington Star.

Quite Complimentary.

"Yes," said his wife's mother, "I see it was all a mistake for my daughter to marry you at all. She is just as different from you in every respect as she can be."

"Well, well," replied the great brute, "how you flatter me!"

Higgins—"I always keep my bills. One never can tell what may happen. A receipted bill oftimes saves a bit of money." Wiggins—"Of course, in the case of receipted bills. But, you see, my bills are never receipted; so what's the use of preserving them?"

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

"I didna see ye at McDougall's funeral yesterday."

"No, I couldna go; besides, I wouldna have enjoyed mysel'. Ye see, my wife's made me join the teetotalers!" —John Bull.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.
35 DOSES 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

How Lightning Kills.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thunder cloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over a certain place the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath comes also under this influence. If while the man, animal or other object is in this condition a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in other words, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate thing, will do so with such force as to produce almost invariably instant death. According to this a person is really "struck" by the ground current, and not by the forked fury from above at all.—Scottish American.

Towne—Met Gabble and Perkins at a smoker last night and introduced them to each other.

Browne—Oh, say; it's a shame to introduce a bore like Gabble to anybody.

Towne—It's evident you don't know Perkins or you'd see the humor of it.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents

Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired'?" asked the barber. "Well, that is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope, its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and stropping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before using them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that lather is used on a beard. The lather doesn't soften a beard as so many people think; it stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Subbubs—I'm going to let Bridget off for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Subbubs—What! Why she's not entitled to a vacation.

Mrs. Subbubs—No, but I am.—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Why not have young hair and look young?
It's easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor.
Always restores color, stops falling. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Life in the Northwest."

If you have any idea of changing your location GO INTO THE NORTHWEST where life is worth living.

It is the coming empire of this country. Climate and elevation are found in great variety, and land will never be as low priced again as it is now. For farming, fruit raising and grazing no portion of our Country equals it. Irrigation makes the farmer independent where irrigation is practiced and the finest irrigable parts of our Country are in Montana and Washington. The towns and cities are all growing rapidly in the Northwest.

Let me know what you want and we will try to help you. There are all sorts of places and kinds of land in the Northwestern States through which the NORTHERN PACIFIC runs. Don't wait until it is too late to go.

Low Settlers' Rates are in effect during September and October. Write to me where you want to go and I will tell you what it will cost.

CHAS. S. FEE,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Ry.,
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PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS
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LOWEST RATES,
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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903.

QUERIES.

4160. SAYLES—What became of John Sayles, born at Smithfield, R. I., Jan. 6, 1723, son of Thomas and Esther (Scott) Sayles?—D. R. E.

4161. LANGFORD—John Langford, of Newport, R. I., and wife Alida ——, had a son Richard, born 1710. When did he die, and when did he marry?—M. M. K.

4162. WICKHAM—What was the birth date of Samuel Wickham, born probably in Newport, R.I., before 1725? He was son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Collins) Wickham. He had brothers Henry and Gideon, and sisters Elizabeth and Deborah.—D. E.

4163. SPRAGUE—What was the Christian name of —— Sprague, who married Ebenezer Cook, of Providence or Smithfield, R. I.? He was the son of Jonathan Sprague, born 1648, died 1741.—J. S. M.

4164. JOY—Would like information concerning the family of Dorothy Joy, whose death and that of her son George are recorded in the Friends' records of Kingstown, R. I. It is supposed that her husband was Thomas Joy. Would like her maiden name and ancestry, and his parentage. Was the son an infant?—J. S. M.

4165. BLACKMAR—Who was Jemima, wife of John Blackmar, of Providence, R. I.? He died Jan. 26, 1768; she died 1769. They had eleven children. Would like the names and dates of those children.—B. L.

4166. POTTER—Who was the wife of the first George Potter, of Portsmouth, R. I.? She afterward married Nicholas Niles. There was a son Abel Potter, who died 1692. His wife was Rachel Warner, of John.—G. S. B.

4167. GARDNER—Has any one information concerning William Gardner who lived in Newport, R. I., about 1700 to 1800, and his family? He had four daughters, Mary, who married Audley Clarke, Dec. 8, 1794; Frances, who married Constant Taber, 1773; Catherine, who married Capt. Jos. Phillips; and another daughter who married, or is supposed to have married Samuel Moses, about 1795. She may have been twice married. Samuel Moses died about 1816, and his wife 1827. They are buried in what was at that time called the North Burying Ground. To them were born eight children, William, Edward, Saml., John, Ann, Harriet, Elizabeth and Abby. Up to a few years ago there was a tombstone marking the grave of the elder Samuel Moses, containing a quaint inscription which was about like this:

Man comes into the world all naked and bare,
He travels through it with trouble and care,
When he dies, he goeth no one knows where.
If it was well with him here, it will be well with him there.

This Samuel Moses had at one time a distillery on what was called Point Bridge. It seems strange that there is so little of these Gardner and Moses families in the published books. Would like any dates or information. It is said that a sister of the elder Samuel Moses married Abraham Touro, a very wealthy Jew, although she never changed her religion.—G. L. P.

4168. STAKE—Information desired of Gen. Stake, of York, Penn., who who was an officer of the Revolution—his military record and the names of his children.—H. F.

4169. PUTNAM—Wanted ancestry of Aaron Dickinson Putnam, b. September 14, 1793, in Somers, Conn., married in Rome, N. Y., Rebecca Woodard Goodenough. His parents, I have been told, were Cornelius Putnam and Libby Davis Putnam. He had brothers Stephen, Orlando, Joel, Horace, sisters Ruth and Lucinda. Can anyone connect him with John Putnam of Danvers, Mass.?—N. M.

4170. MOORE—Ancestry of John Moore of Baltimore, Md., later of Northumberland Co., Penn., married Ann Thornburgh, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Gibbons Thornburgh. Where was John Moore born and where did he die? Did he serve in the Rev. war?—N. M.

4171. NUTTING—Wanted the missing links between John Nutting who married Aug. 28, 1650, Sarah Eggleston at Woburn, Mass., and John Nutting, Jr., of Groton, Mass., name of wife of John, Jr., and date of marriage.—G. L. W.

4172. PAINE—Ancestry of Mary Ann Paine, b. July 17, 1756, married April 26, 1781, John Haskell of Gorham, Me.; also names of her brothers and sisters.—G. L. W.

4173. AMES (EAMES)—Parents and date of birth of Joanna Ames who married John Parker, Groton, Mass., May 22, 1719.—G. L. W.

4174. WITHERELL—Ancestry of Hannah W. Witherell who married Nathaniel Garland at Rochester, N. H., Feb. 25, 1790.—G. L. W.

4175. LINNELL—Ancestry of Samuel Linnell b. Eastham, Mass., b. Jan. 12, 1772, and names of brothers and sisters.—G. L. W.

4176. WALDRON, HAMMETT—Edward Hammett, of Boston, Mass., (1704—1775) married Sarah Waldron (or Walrand). She was born 1705, died 1777. Their children were:
1. Susannah, born 1730, died 1794.
2. Rebecca, born ——, married —— Hart.
3. Edward, born 1742.
4. Lydia, married Billings Coggeshall.
5. Nathan, born 1748, married Catherine Yates.
6. Benjamin, born 1750, married first Elizabeth Vial second Leah Fairbanks.

Would like to know the ancestry of Edward Hammett and his wife Sarah Waldron.—A. B. C.

4177. MANTON—Edward Manton, of Providence, R. I., married Elizabeth Thornton, in 1680. He died in 1723. They had eight children, Shadrach, Edward, John, Ann, Katherine, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah. Would like to know their dates of birth and death, and the names of the people they married, and the names of their children, if they had any.—L. M.

4178. ALMY—Who was the wife of William Almy, born at Tiverton, R. I., October 3, 1707, son of William and Deborah (Cook) Almy?—F. G.

ANSWERS.

3911. PEARCE—A few years ago, a great grandson of Nathan Pearce's was living at No. 2020 O street, Washington, D. C. He had considerable data relating to Duchess county families, which had descended to him from his great grandfather; and could probably supply the information asked for by "D. J. M." The name was H. F. Pearce.—H. L. J.

4124. SMITH—In response to this query I send the following, which I hope may prove to be what is wanted.

Mercy Smith born April 18, 1699, was daughter of Benjamin Smith, of Providence who married 1693 April 12, Mercy Angell also of Providence. Mercy (Angell) Smith died 1721 Sept. 3, in her 47th year.—A. L. W.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1903, by W. T. Foster.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 11.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 12 to 16, warm wave 11 to 15, cool wave 14 to 18.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 18, cross west of Rockies by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern states 23.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 18, great central valleys 20, eastern states 22. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25.

This disturbance will belong to a warm period for both northern and southern states, weather events will return to their normal condition and the warm and cool waves will follow each other in their natural and not in their inverse order as they did last week. Weather changes will be less extreme and rainfall will be light, occuring only in showers.

The week following date of this bulletin promises numerous showers in northern states but many places will remain too dry and these will suffer during last week in July.

August will be full of important weather events and will determine the corn and spring wheat crops. These two crops and cotton will enter on their August career with insufficient moisture and very much depends on the weather of that month.

Temperature of week ending July 20 will average above normal in southern and below normal in northern states. Rainfall for same period will be a little below normal in northern and much below in southern states.

About date of this bulletin we will be approaching a period of very high temperatures for southern states and the Ohio valley and of very low temperatures for the other northern states.

Jamestown.

The first hop of the season took place at the Bay View, Fourth of July. There was a large attendance. The Howard orchestra of Newport furnished the music and refreshments were served.

Mr. W. F. Caswell was in Providence the past week.

The directory of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company held their regular meeting Tuesday. The wages of the engineer were increased 20 cents per day, to conform to the schedule of the Brotherhood of Engineers.

The Jamestown Social Club gave its first social of the season Monday in Carter's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Luther will not occupy their residence in Jamestown this summer, but will remain in Newport.

Glass Littlefield, son of Mr. Frederick Littlefield of this town, was injured Fourth of July by a revolver, the bullet penetrating through his clothes and wounding the leg badly. Dr. D. B. Birney was called to dress the wound, and the patient is doing as well as well as can be expected.

Delehanty's Sad End

Buffalo, July 10.—A body found in the river below the Falls has been identified as that of Ed Delehanty, the famous outfielder of the Washington American league team. The body was mangled. One leg was torn off, presumably by the propellor of the Maid of the Mist, near whose landing the body was found.

Cars Burned to Clear Track

Walpole, Mass., July 10.—A rear-end collision occurred here on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. Three trainmen were slightly injured and four cars so badly demolished that they were burned in order to clear the track.

Steady Job For Corey

New York, July 10.—At the office of J. P. Morgan & Co. it is stated that W. E. Corey, recently appointed assistant to the president of the United States Steel corporation, will continue indefinitely as president of the Carnegie Steel company.

Circus Property Attached

Bangor, Me., July 9.—Attachments aggregating $38,000 have been placed on the personal property of Sautelle's circus by Sheriff Tarbox on actions brought by 20 persons, who were injured by the collapse of the tent during a wind storm at Machias.

More Arrests In Philippines

Manila, July 8.—Customs Inspector Coates and Lieutenant Osborne, constabulary supply officers, both stationed at San Fernando, have been arrested on the charge of misappropriating government funds.

Jolly July

Our Fly Screens Prevent the "Pesky Merskiter."

Perhaps you don't see it, as old Sol makes you forget all your prayers of the last four weeks. The ice man does though. How he's longed for this; what a picnic he'll have, if you don't get

A Ranney Refrigerator.

It uses nearly 20 per cent. less ice than any other box to do the same work, because the ice is so much better protected from outside heat—three times the insulation of any other, and then besides it is such a food preserver—there's no chance for taint, the whole inside removes piece by piece for cleaning and the air is so free from moisture that sulphur matches, even, won't dampen in one. Our little price only comes from big buying.

All Hard Wood from $6.75.

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225—229 THAMES STREET. NEWPORT, R. I.

What We Do at the Corner of Spring & Franklin Streets.

1st—Sell and rent property.
2d—Place Insurance in first class companies at low rates: Fire, Life, Marine, Accident, Health, Plate Glass, and Casualty.
3d—Do Notary Work: Draw Deeds, etc.
4th—Make investments for our clients in any line: Real Estate, Bonds, Stocks, etc.

We should be pleased to have you call upon us.

Wm. E. Brightman,

CORNER SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS. Telephone 984.

Bright, Clean, Shiny Coal

Is the sort we deliver—the little-waste kind, the heat-making, quick-cooking kind. It does the work in short order, doesn't cost much more than the sort you don't want to give cellar room, any way we'd like to send you a sample ton of

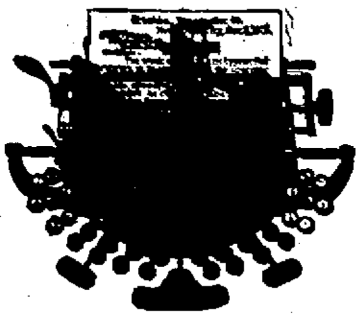
LORBERRY STOVE.

A postal will bring the sample. For sale by the

G. B. REYNOLDS CO.,

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE, and SHERMAN'S WHARF.
Telephone 222-2 & 222-3

NEW FRANKLIN TYPEWRITERS.



Rented at $4.00 per month.

Rent applies on purchase. On the Franklin all the writing is in plain sight. With writing in sight, mistakes are more easily corrected, there is no lifting of the carriage, and less work all around. *Write for our catalogue.*

Cutter Tower Co., 234 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS. U. S. A.

TOMATO PLANTS, $12.00 per 1,000.
STRATEGEM PEAS,
True Stock, just arrived, $5.50 per bushel.
EARLY AMBER SUGAR CANE,
$4 per 100.
GARDEN and FARM SEEDS of all kinds.

F. L. ZIEGLER,

PRACTICAL SEEDSMAN, 18 BROADWAY

Stop! Look!!

And take a chance at listening to what the Dividend Endowment Policies of the

Home Life Insurance Co.

WILL DO FOR YOU.

The adaptability to changing circumstances, providing for all financial embarrassments and the minimum cost make this contract Perfection in life insurance. If you are in good health and considering life insurance do not fail to investigate these policies.

For full particulars address

J. MURRAY CANN, General Agent,
338-339 Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.

Reliable man who can produce business wanted for agency, Newport County.
6-20

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, R. I., Executrix of the last will and testament of MARY D. TORREY, late of said Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to her, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to
BESSIE J. FRANK, Executrix.
Newport, R. I., July 11th, 1903—7-11

National Exchange Bank.

DIVIDEND NO. 62.

THE usual Semi-Annual Dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the stockholders of this bank, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., June 22, 1903—6-27

Speedy Conviction of Murderer

New York, July 10.—William Spencer, the negro who shot and killed Superintendent MacFarlane of the Anti-Policy society on June 15 in a courtroom corridor, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Spencer will be electrocuted during the third week in August, or just two months after the commission of his crime.

Coddington Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 9, 1903.

NAMES OF DEPOSITORS whose place of residence or postoffice address, or the fact of their death is not known and whose accounts have had no deposit made thereon, or any amount withdrawn therefrom and whose books have not been presented for twenty years or more previous to June 30, 1903.

Thomas Anthony.
Mary L. Anthony.
Adeline Ash.
June Allan.
Maurice P. Barber.
Carrie A. Barlow.
Elizabeth Barber.
Kate Collins.
Mary A. Collins.
Patrick Curley.
John Hall.
John Harris.
Charlotte M. Jackson.
Ella C. Lawton.
Saml M. Manchester.
John Mitchell.
Mary A. Smith.
Walter L. Smith.
Geo. W. Taylor.
Alice Young.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE,
7-11-4w Treasurer.

New England Commercial Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND will be paid to the stockholders on and after July 1st, 1903.
N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.
June 25, 1903—6-27

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

To Mary A. Kiernan, Janet Mott. Buchanan, Philip Dowling, John Crowchley, Patrick Fitzsimmons, Heirs of William H. Osgood, Atherton Blight, Catherine Reeves, John T. Hayes, James H. Sharkey, Patrick J. Sullivan, Heirs of John E. Sullivan, Dennis J. Sullivan, Patrick J. Fagan, Samuel Ross, Timothy Shea, James Graham, James Rothnie, H. Ray Miller, Heirs of John M. Hodgson, Edmund B. Burdick, Bridget Buckley, The Savings Bank of Newport by Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer; The Coddington Savings Bank by Nathaniel R. Swinburne, Treasurer; George E. Ward, and to all others interested in the land hereafter mentioned.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Patrick J. Sullivan and others, by their petition to the Board of Aldermen of the City of Newport, in said State, have prayed said Board to declare the following described piece of land to be a public highway, to wit: Webster Street, a highway thirty-nine feet (39) in width running from Spring Street to Thames Street and representing that said highway has been quietly, peaceably and actually used and improved and considered as a public highway for the space of more than twenty years last past. AND it being shown to said Board that you are interested in, or have claim to said land through which said so-called street is laid, or some part thereof, said Board referred the consideration of said petition to the Fourth day of August, A. D. 1903, at 8 o'clock p. m., at the Aldermanic Chamber at the City Hall in said Newport.

YOU are, therefore, hereby notified to appear before said Board at said time and place, if you see fit, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, and said piece or strip of land declared by said Board of Aldermen to be a public highway according to the statute in such case made and provided.

Ordered and given by said Board of Aldermen on the Seventh day of July, A. D. 1903.

Signed and sealed by order and in behalf of said Board of Aldermen by David Stevens, Clerk of said Board, on the day last aforesaid.
7-11-3w DAVID STEVENS, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To Felix Owens, Maria Owens, Thomas O'Connell and Margaret E. O'Connell, otherwise called Margret E. O'Connell, and all other persons interested in the following described premises:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Felix Owens, Maria Owens, Thomas O'Connell and Margret E. O'Connell, all of Tiverton in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, to Jerome H. Westgate of Fall River, Bristol County, Massachusetts, dated December 2, 1881, recorded in Tiverton, Rhode Island, Deeds, book 37, pages 110-114, and for breach of the conditions thereof, and to foreclose said mortgage, will be sold by public auction on the lot first described below on

SATURDAY, August 1, 1903,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, the three lots described in said Mortgage Deed, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

First lot. Easterly, by Shove street, sixty and 18-100 (60.18) feet; Southerly, by land of Felix Owens et ux, one hundred eleven and 60-100 (111.60) feet; Westerly, sixty (60) feet; and Northerly, by Hilton street, one hundred and ten (110) feet, containing twenty-four and 4-10 (24.4) square rods more or less, being lot 16 in Section E, and the same conveyed by the Shove Mills to Ann Madden, July 27, A. D. 1880, recorded with the Town Clerk of Tiverton, Rhode Island, book 28, pages 336 and 337.

Second lot. Being lot 15 in Section E, and the same conveyed by said Shove Mills to said Ann Madden, November 2, A. D. 1881, recorded with said Town Clerk, book 16, page 131. Said lot contains twenty-two and 14-100 (22.14) rods, and is bounded Northerly, by said Hilton street.

Third lot. Bounded Northerly, by Hooper street, sixty-six (66) feet; Easterly, by land formerly of Augustus Chace and Adoniram J. Chace, one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet; Southerly, by land formerly of Augustus and Adoniram, sixty-six (66) feet; and Westerly, by land formerly of John J. Wood, one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet, containing about forty (40) rods, and being lot number nine in Section G, Borden Durfee Farm, so-called, surveyed by J. B. Jackson, and being the same premises, however described, conveyed by John McGregor and Mary C. McGregor, to said Ann Madden, by deed dated July 13, 1876, and recorded with said Town Clerk of Tiverton, in book 28 at pages 411 to 413.

Said premises will be sold subject to all taxes. Terms at sale.

IRAM N. SMITH,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of said Mortgagee. 7-11-4w

FREEBODY PARK.

BATH ROAD, NEAR BELLEVUE AVE. CARS PASS IT.

SHEEDY'S OPEN-AIR SUMMER THEATRE

Finest in America.

WEEK OF MONDAY **JULY 13** AFTERNOON 3, EVENINGS 8.30

The Talented Family, The
SIX MUSICAL CUTTYS.
The Girl of The Period,
CLARICE VANCE.
The Black Diamonds.
WESLEY AND CORA NORRIS.
The Cycling Comedians,
CHERRY AND BATES.
The Dancing Duo,
McMAHON AND CHAPPELLE.
The Silver Voiced Tenor,
JULIUS TANNEEN:
The European Lady Juggler,
MLLE. OLIVE.
The Clown and the Chinaman,
HARDING AND AH SID.
The Comedy Conversationalists,
RAE AND BROSCHE.

Admission with seat **25c.**

Ladies Afternoons, 10c. To Best Seats.

Box Office open daily at 10 a. m.
Telephone 798.

Launch Princess, Capt. Champion, leaves Kinsley's Wharf every night at 11 o'clock, after the Park performance for Jamestown. Fare 10 cents.

H. W. JOHNS'

"ASBESTOS"

Liquid Paints,

Made of the Highest Pigments, finely ground in Pure Linseed Oil.

THE PAINT THAT WEARS.

Requiring less frequent application makes these paints most economical.
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A. & H. G. HAMMETT,
7-11-8w NEWPORT, R. I.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate by Public Auction.

To the heirs of Thomas Manchester, formerly of Tiverton, in the State of Rhode Island, deceased, and to all other persons interested in said premises:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale and power of attorney contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Thomas Manchester to John F. Carr, dated May 1, 1879, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Deeds, Book 27, Page 166, the assignments of said mortgage being as follows: From John F. Carr to Clark Eales, formerly of said Tiverton, deceased, dated October 21, 1886, and recorded in said Registry, Book 26, Page 390; from George N. Durfee, administrator of the estate of Clark Eales, to the Island Savings Bank of Newport, R. I., dated August 11, 1893, and recorded in said Registry, Book 30, Page 179; from said Island Savings Bank to George N. Durfee, dated June 6, 1902, and recorded in said Registry Book 45, Page 451, and from George N. Durfee to Sidnia M. Sanford, dated August 22, 1902, and recorded in said Registry, Book 45, Page 619, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and to foreclose the same, will be sold on the premises, by public auction, on SATURDAY, July 18, 1903, at two o'clock p. m., the premises described in the said Mortgage Deed, as follows:

"The following described tract of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said Tiverton, and bounded and described as follows: North, by land of Gideon W. Manchester; East and South, by land of William H. Simmons; West, by the highway or Crandall road, and contains twenty-one (21) acres of land, more or less."

Terms made known at time and place of sale.
By order of
SIDNIA M. SANFORD,
Assignee of said Mortgage,
Who hereby gives notice of her intention to bid upon said property at the sale thereof.
June 21, 1903—6-27-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 29, A. D. 1903.

MARY BONNELL SOUTHWICK, Widow, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that
FRANK TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK,
late of the City, County and State of New York, deceased, left a last will and testament bearing date December 11th, 1895, which has been duly admitted to probate by the Surrogate's Court of the County of New York, in said State of New York; that she is the sole Executrix of said will and the sole legatee named therein; and that said Frank T. Southwick at the time of his death was seized of an interest in certain real estate in said Middletown, whereon said will may operate, and praying that a copy of said will and of the probate thereof, duly authenticated under the seal of said Surrogate's Court, where said will has been proved and allowed as aforesaid and presented to this Court with said petition, may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office in said Middletown.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of July next, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.
ALBERT L. CHASE,
6-27 Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 15, A. D. 1903.

JULIA M. HOWLAND, the sole Executrix of the last will and testament of
BENJAMIN HOWLAND,
late of said Middletown deceased, presents to this Court her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of July next, A. D. 1903, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.
ALBERT L. CHASE,
6-20 Probate Clerk.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that by the will of her former husband, THOMAS J. SHERMAN, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, she is appointed the sole Executrix thereof; that said will has been proved, approved, allowed and passed for record by the Court of Probate of said Middletown; that she has been granted letters testamentary by said Court of Probate on the estate of said Thomas J. Sherman and that she is now duly qualified to act as the sole Executrix of the said will. All persons having claims against the estate of the said Thomas J. Sherman are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.
JENNETTE R. SHERMAN,
Executrix.
Middletown, R. I., June 20, 1903—6-20

NOTICE.

We Have Removed our Stock of
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
Cutlery and Mechanics' Tools,
TO THE STORE
201 THAMES STREET, ENGS BUILDING,
next door north of old location,
And invite the public to inspect our increased facilities for their accommodation.

On and after July 1,
we shall close every evening at 6 o'clock, excepting
MONDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 9 o'clock.

ALEX. N. BARKER,

201 Thames Street.

Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1903.

ON AND AFTER

Monday, July 6,

MORNING CONCERTS
Every Week Day, from 11 to 1.

Evening Concerts every Sunday evening, beginning at 8 o'clock.

MUSIC and DANCING.

Casino Theatre every Thursday evening from 9.30 to 12.30.

Coddington Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 29, 1903.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the corporation of this bank, held this day, the following named persons were elected trustees for the year ensuing: T. Mumford Seabury, Jeremiah W. Horton, John S. Langley, John E. Seabury, Clark H. Burdick, Francis S. Barker, Gardiner B. Perry, John B. Durfee, Charles A. Brackett, I. Goodwin Hobbs and Theophilus T. Pitman.

At a subsequent meeting of the Trustees, Jeremiah W. Horton was elected President; T. Mumford Seabury, Vice President; Nath'l R. Swinburne, Treasurer; Edward L. Spencer, Asst. Treasurer, and David F. Easterbrooks, Clerk.
NATH'L R. SWINBURNE,
7-4 Secretary.

First National Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four per cent. will be paid on and after July 1, 1903.
NATH'L R. SWINBURNE, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., June 25, 1903—6-27

Newport National Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four and one-half per cent. (4½) will be paid on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
6-27 H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.